

WEHMAN'S

No. 1

SONG BOOK

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HENRY J. WEHMAN, Song and Book Publisher,

125 W. Madison St., CHICAGO.

130 & 132 Park Row, NEW YORK.

I've a Baby in Kalamazoo.

Tune—"Baby Mine."

The Sheet Music suitable for this Song can be had of Henry J. Wehman, No. 50 Chatham Street, New York. Price 40 cents.

I've a baby in Kalamazoo,
Baby mine—baby mine;
He can skip the tra-la-loo,
Baby mine—baby mine.
He swings on our back gate,
Tackles peaches by the crate,
On a fish-ball he can skate,
Baby mine—baby mine;
He can eat a barrel of cake,
Baby mine.

He makes faces at the women,
Baby mine—baby mine;
In a soup bowl he goes swimming,
Baby mine—baby mine.
Out of the ash-pan we do yank him,
In his high chair we do plank him,
Oh, heavens, how we spank him,
Baby mine—baby mine;
His face would cave a bank in,
Baby mine.

At the table he is queer,
Baby mine—baby mine;
Stuffs the pan-cakes in his ear,
Baby mine—baby mine.
Rubs molasses on his nose,
Spills the mustard on his clothes,
He jabs the hash between his toes,
Baby mine—baby mine;
And we wash him with a hose,
Baby mine.

THE GRANITE MILL FIRE.

Tune—"Wreck of the London."

The wheel goes gently round, my friends, and time is on the wing,
A leisure moment, I'll employ, and a song to you I'll sing
About them poor unfortunate souls, on the morning bright and still,
That leaped for life from the burning out of the granite mill.
'Twas on the 12th of September, the morn was bright and clear,
The wheel went round, the people worked with a good and faithful cheer;
But hark! the cry of fire is heard from voices loud and strong,
The alarm from seventy-four rang out, 'tis the granite number one.

The work of desolation, the fire had begun—
From bolt to wheel like lightning, from room to room it run;
The people hastening in their fright, and working with a will,
Trying to save the unhappy souls from the burning granite mill.
Up in the highest windows they clung in wild despair,
Some shrieking in their utter woes, and others knelt in prayer;
They jumped from that six story, which made the strong hearts chill,
To gaze on the dead and dying around the granite mill.

The sight was sad and mournful, most piercing were the cries—
The desperate and daring stood by with tearful eyes,
To see the young and beautiful perish as they looked on,
As the fire-fiend was raging in granite number one.
Oh! where is my three children, the widowed mother cried,
Where is Katy, Maggie, Annie—they were my only pride.
Thus mournfully this mother wept as a group moved slowly on,
Bearing the bodies of her children from the granite number one.

Norah, the Pride of Kildare.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 10 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

As beautiful as Flora, is charming young Norah,
The joy of my heart and the pride of Kildare;
I ne'er will deceive her, for sadly 'twould grieve her
To find that I sighed for another less fair.

CHORUS.

Her heart with truth teeming, her eye with smiles beaming,
What mortal could injure a blossom so rare
As Norah, dear Norah, the pride of Kildare?

Where'er I may be, love, I'll ne'er forget thee, love,
Though beauties may smile, and try to ensnare;
Yet nothing shall ever my heart from thine sever,
Dear Norah, sweet Norah, the pride of Kildare.—Chorus.

SADIE DARLING.

Copyright, 1875, by F. W. Helmick.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Sadie darling, pretty flower,
Do you not remember well,
In your little cot of roses,
Loving stories we did tell?
Where the merry birds were singing,
Blithe and merry in the dell,
Where so oft we sat together,
For we both were loving well.

CHORUS.

Sadie, darling, fondest treasure,
Say you never can forget,
For I'll soon be with you, darling;
Sadie, dear, I love you yet.

When the golden tinge of sunset
Ushered in the stars above,
Then I sat beside you, darling,
For I claimed you as my love.
Then the moon with glory beaming,
Floated 'mong the stars so bright,
Then I kissed you and caressed you,
On that calm, sweet Summer's night.—Chorus.

I've been sad since last we parted,
In that Summer long ago,
For you've sent no word to cheer me
When you knew I loved you so.
But we soon will meet, my darling,
For I love you ever true;
Darling Sadie, I'm returning,
For I love none else but you.—Chorus.

THE PALLET OF STRAW.

Tune—"Over the Hills to the Poor-House."

The Sheet Music suitable for this Song can be had of Henry J. Wehman, No. 50 Chatham Street, New York. Price 40 cents.

I'm sitting alone in a garret,
While the sleet and the snow's falling down,
Yet God knows I am hungry and dying,
And I'm waiting for Jessie to come.
I sent her out early this morning,
To bring me some pennies or bread,
But I think when my little one comes,
She'll find that her mother is dead.

CHORUS.

I'm cold, I'm hungry and helpless,
And my loved ones I'll never see more,
For I'm dying alone in a garret,
On a thin little pallet of straw.

Would to God that my child had a father,
Or some one to watch o'er her with care,
Or some kind-hearted friend to protect her,
Then I'd die without sorrow or fear.
Should the storm keep my child from returning
To her mother, so helpless and sore,
Who is sitting alone in her garret,
On a thin little pallet of straw—
I'm cold, and I'm hungry and helpless, &c.

When I parted with Jessie, this morning,
She kissed me good-bye, and she said:
"I soon shall return, dearest mamma,
Whether I get pennies or bread."
But the night's coming on, and I'm weaker,
And I think I'll see Jessie no more,
For when she comes back she will find me
Lying dead on my pallet of straw.

CHORUS.

She's parted from cold and from hunger,
And her loved one she'll never see more,
For she's lying dead, up in a garret,
On a thin little pallet of straw.

—What is that which a lady never had, and never can have,
and yet she has it in her power to present to another? A wife.

Keep in de Middle ob de Road.

Copyright, 1878, by Geo. D. Newhall & Co.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

I hear dem angels a callin' loud—
Keep in de middle ob de road;
Dey's a waitin' dar in a great big crowd—
Keep in de middle ob de road.
I see dem stan' roun' de big white gate;
We must trabble along 'fose we git too late,
Fo' 'taint no use fo' to sit down and wait—
Keep in de middle ob de road.

CHORUS.

Den, chil'ren, keep in de middle ob de road;
Den, chil'ren, keep in de middle ob de road;
Don't you look fo' de right, don't you look to de left,
But keep in de middle ob de road.

I ain't got time fo' to stop an' talk—
Keep in de middle ob de road;
Kase de road am rough, an' it's hard to walk—
Keep in de middle ob de road.
I'll fix my eyes on de golden stair,
And I'll keep on a gwine till I git dar,
Kase my head am bound fo' de crown to w'ar—
Keep in de middle ob de road.—*Chorus.*

Come an' join in de weary ban'—
Keep in de middle ob de road;
Kase we bound fo' home in de happy land—
Keep in de middle ob de road.
Turn your back on dis world ob sin,
Knock at de door an' dey'll let you in,
Kase you'll nebber git such a chance ag'in—
Keep in de middle ob de road.—*Chorus.*

Dis world am full ob sinful things—
Keep in de middle ob de road;
When de feet gits tired, put on de wings—
Keep in de middle ob de road.
If you lay down on de road to die,
An' you watch dem angels in de sky,
You kin put on wings, and git up an' fly—
Keep in de middle ob de road.—*Chorus.*

BIDDY, THE BALLET GIRL.

Copyright, 1878, by E. H. Harding.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

I am a gay laboring man,
And I have a beautiful daughter,
Who never did care much for work—
It's her mother's own wish that she aughter.
It seems that she fancied the stage,
So I granted her final request,
And now she's a beautiful dancer,
And ranks along with the best.

CHORUS.

On the stage she is Madame La Shortie,
But her right name is Biddy McCarthy;
She brings home, at night, and at matinees,
Large baskets of flowers, and also bouquets.

Oh! she is my only daughter,
And I am the man that taught her
To wear spangled clothes, and go round on her toes,
And there is no such girl as Biddy.

When salary day does arrive,
All trouble and toil it does smother,
For just the day before that, there was a kick—
The girl had been scolded by her mother;
She's courting a clerk in the bank,
Who sees her safe home at the door,
And pays a big gang on the gallery,
To applaud in a perfect uproar.—*Chorus.*

Last Saturday night I got paid;
I thought I would go to the theatre,
And take the old woman along;
In the parquette in front I did seat her,
When Biddy came out for to dance,
My son Danny was up in the tier,
He cried, "Go in, sister Biddy!"
When they bounced him right out on his car.—*Chorus.*

Our Army and Navy of Blue.

Copyright, 1873, by E. H. Harding.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

List to the music while I sing a lay
In praise of our flag, boys, that's wav'd for many a day!
It sheltered our soldiers and sailors so true,
It covers our Army and Navy of blue.

CHORUS.

Over heads, boys, flaunting to the breeze;
Up to the peak greeting all lands and seas!
The emblem of Liberty, ever so true,
That covers our Army and Navy of blue.

Peace be our motto, charity our cause,
Faith to our colors, respect for our laws;
Friendship our greeting; our flag, as it flew,
Inspired our brave Army and Navy of blue.—*Chorus.*

THE TURNPIKE GATE.

Sung by Reynolds and Walling.

I am thinking of the day when but a little child,
I wandered o'er the meadows to the hill
Where the sweet flowers grew, and forever growing wild,
And the stream e'er flowed by the mill.
But the old mill house has gone to decay;
I loved it, and so did darling Kate,
And the miller he lies sleeping where the gentle breezes blow,
And we played 'neath the turnpike gate.

CHORUS.

For the turnpike gate is the pride of my heart;
I loved it, and so did darling Kate;
When she sits beside me now, there's a smile upon her brow,
That reminds me of the turnpike gate.

And the old school house has gone to decay,
Where the schoolmaster heard us recite,
And those happy, happy days have faded from our view,
When our little hearts were filled with delight.
And when the school was out, we would wander to the spring,
Where I drew for you pictures on your slate,
And those happy childhood days they'll come again no more,
When we played on the turnpike gate.—*Chorus.*

KITTY TYRRELL.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

You're looking as fresh as the morn, darling,
You're looking as bright as the day,
But whilst on your charms I'm dilating,
You're stealing my poor heart away.
Here, take it and welcome, mavourneen—
Its loss I'm not going to mourn,
But one heart is enough for a body,
So, pray, give me yours in return,
Mavourneen, mavourneen,
So, pray, give me yours in return.

I've built me a snug little cot, darling,
I've pigs and potatoes in store,
I've twenty good pounds in the bank, love,
And, may be, a pound or two more.
It's all very well to have riches,
But I'm such a covetous elf
I can't help sighing for something.
And, darling, that something's yourself,
Mavourneen, mavourneen,
And, darling, that something's yourself.

You're smiling, and that's a good sign, darling,
Say yes, and you'll never repent;
But if you would rather be silent,
Your silence I'll take for consent.
That good-natured dimple's a tell-tale;
Now all that I have is your own;
This week you may be Kitty Tyrrell,
Next week you will be Kitty Malone,
Mavourneen, acushla;
You'll be my own Mrs. Malone.

Little Brown Cot on the Hill.

Copyright, 1864, by Firth, Son & Co.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

I remember the little brown cot on the hill,
Where I lived in the bright long ago,
And the musical sound of the murmuring rill,
That beside the brown cot used to flow;
Though to others no beauty in it might appear
That could wake in their bosoms a thrill,
Yet there's nothing on earth to my heart was so dear
As that little brown cot on the hill.

CHORUS.

It was lonely and old, and in Winter 'twas drear,
And the winds could assail it at will,
Yet there's nothing on earth to my heart was so dear
As the little brown cot on the hill.

Long ago in that little brown cot I was born,
And there passed all my boyhood away;
On its porch I would sit from the first blush of morn
Till the close of the long Summer day;
Or I'd play in the cool, shady woods that were near,
And my shout would ring merry and shrill,
Till fatigued I'd return to my mother so dear,
In the little brown cot on the hill.—*Chorus.*

It is years since I parted my friends at its door,
When I left them to wander away,
And I sigh when I think that they'll meet me no more,
For they sleep in the churchyard to-day;
But although in this world I'll not meet them again,
I will cherish their memories still,
And remembrance forever with me will remain,
Of the little brown cot on the hill.—*Chorus.*

When these Old Clothes were New.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Eight years ago I looked a swell, sirs,
With walking cane and purse as long;
I quizzed the ladies in Pall Mall, sirs—
Alas! that game did not last long.
I married got, to my misfortune;
From that day every penny flew,
For soon I spent the marriage portion—
On my wedding day these old clothes were new.

We went to church, so blythe and merry—
This hat of mine was new and light;
We drank our crusted port, our sherry,
And ev'ry eye was beaming bright;
But you, poor hat, can tell the hist'ry
Of where we go, and what we do;
But how you stand it is a myst'ry—
Think of the days when you were new.

And you, poor coat, have got quite seedy—
I never cuffed you, speak the truth;
You cannot say that I was greedy,
I filled your pocket, yes, forsooth;
For every morning you I studied,
And after dinner open threw,
And seldom were your skirts e'er muddled—
I kept a trap when you were new.

And you, poor boots, were bright as any—
You really were a lovely pair;
Cleaning you've cost many a penny—
I took you with me ev'rywhere;
But farewell to the soles departed,
For my poor toes they do peep through,
And you, poor tops, look quite faint-hearted—
How different now 't'hen you were new.

And you, poor gloves, my hands did shelter,
Yet still I hold you in my love;
We through the world went helter skelter,
Like true friends living hand and glove;
But farewell, clothes! we part too soon,
Then for a pauper's suit, grey or blue;
I must die in a poor law union,
In clothes I hate 'though perhaps quite new.

UP AT JONES' WOOD.

Copyright, 1880, by E. H. Harding.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

As sung by Murphy and Mack.

You may talk about your pic-nics,
That go so far away;
Off to Coney Island,
Or else to Rockaway.
There is nothing suits me better,
When the breeze would do you good,
As to spend a moonlight evening
Up at Jones' Wood.

CHORUS.

It's there the pretty girls you'll see
Waltzing all around;
Oh! my lovely Sally,
I'll never leave this town.
I'll take you in the evening,
When the breeze would do you good,
And I'll hug you and I'll kiss you,
Up at Jones' Wood.

I'll ask you, lovely Sally,
If you will be my bride;
We will wander arm-in-arm, love,
By the lone East River side.
It's then I'll await your answer,
And be it bad or good,
And I'll hug you and I'll kiss you
Up at Jones' Wood.—*Chorus.*

OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

As sung by Ned Barry.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Oh! my love stood under the walnut tree,
Over the garden wall;
She whisper'd and said she'd be true to me,
Over the garden wall.
She'd beautiful eyes, and beautiful hair,
She was not very tall, so she stood on a chair,
And many a time have I kissed her there,
Over the garden wall.

CHORUS.

Over the garden wall,
The sweetest girl of all,
There never were yet, such eyes of jet,
And you may bet I'll never forget
The night our lips in kisses met,
Over the garden wall.

But her father stamped, and her father raved,
Over the garden wall,
And like an old madman he behaved,
Over the garden wall.
She made a bouquet of roses red,
But immediately I popped up my head,
He gave me a bucket of water instead,
Over the garden wall.—*Chorus.*

One day I jumped down on the other side,
Over the garden wall,
And she bravely promised to be my bride,
Over the garden wall.
But she scream'd in a fright, "Here's father, quick,
I have an impression he's bringing a stick,"
But I brought the impression of half a brick,
Over the garden wall.—*Chorus.*

But where there's a will there's always a way—
Over the garden wall;
There's always a night as well as a day—
Over the garden wall.
We hadn't much money, but weddings are cheap,
So while the old fellow was snoring asleep,
With a lad and a ladder she managed to creep
Over the garden wall.—*Chorus.*

—To keep apples from decaying, put them in a cool place—
where there is a large family of children.

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

As sung by Frank Lewis.

I have sung of the minstrels who have all passed away,
Whose names I love to recall,
Of Bryant, Seymour, and Unsworth,
And Eph. Horn, the last of them all.
But now as a token of sorrow I'll sing
Of our actors and actresses that are fled,
Of the bright mimic heroes who have stood on these boards,
But whose memory shall never be dead.

CHORUS.

Then success to the stage, and the people who win
Upon it a record and name,
Who gain for themselves, while our memory shall last,
A seat in the temple of fame.

There's an actress, now gone to the land of the blest—
The foot-lights will see her no more—
As a true artist, she well stood the test,
But the day of her triumph is o'er.
Meg Merrilles now is a thing of the past,
For the queen of the stage she is gone,
And none is left to wear the gold crown
Charlotte Cushman so often has worn.

CHORUS.

There's America's tragedian, who so nobly has worked
To win on the stage a great name;
The late Edwin Forrest deservedly has gained
A seat in the temple of fame.

Lucille Western has gone, but her name's ne'er forgot—
Shall be written in letters of gold.
Mrs. Conway, Brooklyn's favorite actress, also,
But in song shall her triumph be told.
Claude Burroughs was found, when the daylight appeared,
As he lay by the side of his friend.
Harry Murdoch he died, as the flames he defied,
And his drama of life at an end.

CHORUS.

There is also another—may his name ever be
As his own native island, kept green,
Our favorite Irish comedian, Barney Williams now holds
A seat in the temple of fame.

The Little Old House on the Rhine.

Tune—"The Old Brown Cot on the Hill."

The Sheet Music suitable for this Song can be had of Henry J. Wehman,
No. 50 Chatham Street, New York. Price 35 cents.

I remember the days that are now past and gone,
When a child how I once loved to play
By the side of the mill that stands close by the stream,
Where for pleasure I often would stray.
But now I've grown old and quite feeble, you see,
And so has my poor Katharine,
But I sigh when I think of my once happy days,
In that little old house on the Rhine.

CHORUS.

It was lonely and cold, and in Winter 'twas drear,
For the wind would assail it at times,
Still there's no place on earth to my memory more dear,
Than that little old house on the Rhine.

Now the old house stands just the same as before,
With the church and its spires so grand,
Where fond stories of love to each other we'd tell,
As together we'd walk hand in hand.
It was there where the old folks for pleasure would stray,
And bask 'neath the old shady vine;
How they'd watch us at play when from school we'd return,
To that little old house on the Rhine.—*Chorus.*

They are both dead and gone, and they sleep side by side,
In the grave by the end of the vale,
Where the birds sweetly sing on the bright Summer's eve,
And play in the moonlight so pale.
Good-bye, dear old home, fare you well for a while
You've sheltered me many a time;
Oh! I'd love to return to my old fatherland,
And that little old house on the Rhine.—*Chorus.*

Oh! Fred, Tell them to Stop.

As sung by Tom Sayers.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt
of cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

No doubt you have heard of the great Fancy Fair
That used to take place every day;
Well, I thought for amusement I'd take my girl there,
To pass a dull hour away.
We went in, you must know, and saw Richardson's show,
And Wombwell's Menagerie, as well;
There were roundabouts, swings, and all kinds of things,
Forget the day I never shall.

SPOKEN—Yes, when we got into the Fair my girl wanted to
have a ride on one of the roundabouts. I said, "All right, my
darling," and we had a swing, but directly the swing went to
and fro she lustily called out—

CHORUS.

"Oh! Fred, tell them to stop!" that was the cry of Maria;
But the more she said "Whoa," they said "Let it go,"
And the swing went a little bit higher.

The people that stood 'round, of course they all laugh'd,
But I only said, "Stop the swing."
There were four or five others in the boats besides us,
Saying, "Master, don't do such a thing."
Then four or five roughs caught hold of the ropes,
Maria fell down on her knee,
And one of them said, "The young man's turning red,
But isn't he having a spree."—*Chorus.*

They soon stopped the swing, and Maria got out,
And quickly fell down on the floor;
They brought her some water, which soon brought her to—
This girl whom I now do adore.
Should you ever go there, to the great Fancy Fair,
Friends, take advice whilst I sing
Of the great roundabout, it's the best fun that's out,
And finish the day with a swing.

SPOKEN—Mark, now, before you go into the swing boat make
a bargain with your young lady not to call out.—*Chorus.*

Double-Breasted Mansion on de Square.

Tune—"Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane."

The Sheet Music suitable for this Song can be had of Henry J. Wehman,
No. 50 Chatham Street, New York. Price 40 cents.

Written and sung by Gus Williams.

I vonce vos young und gallus, und I drove a pair of grays,
I dink about 6-90 vos de pace;
I had fifty dousand servant gals (but don't give dot away),
Und a trotting cow I sent to every race.
I had forty dousands gold mines, I owned half of de world—
No vonder dat de statement makes you stare—
I had two million bull-pups, und all deir tails curled up,
In my double-breasted mansion on de Square.

CHORUS.

De roof vos copper-bottomed, de chimney solid gold,
I'd an elevator placed on every stair;
But I lost de lot at keno, und I'll never more behold
My double-breasted mansion on de Square.

Ten million head of cattle used to roam about my farm,
Und each hog had a splendid feather bed,
I had males und female roosders, und dey took deir viskey varm;
Dey vere de Shanghai, Shanghoo, China bred.
My cornfields yielded butter, my peach trees yielded cream;
I used to sow und mow de yellow pear;
But alas my vealth is vanished now, und every night I dream
Of my double-breasted mansion on de Square.—*Chorus.*

I never shall forget de time, not many years ago,
Ven de bummers used to roam about my door,
Dey would get outside my viskey, und smoke up my cigars,
My servant gals und hash dey did adore.
De scenes have changed about de place, und I am poor myself;
At a free lunch I could take a quiet share—
I am dinking of de Schweitzer cheese dot once I used to eat
In my double-breasted mansion on de Square.—*Chorus.*

BETSY AND I ARE OUT.

A Recitation—By Will. H. Carleton.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout,
For things at home are cross-ways, and Betsy and I are out;
We who have worked together so long as man and wife,
Must pull in single harness the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter," says you! I swan! it's hard to tell!
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
I have no other woman—she has no other man;
Only we've lived together as long as ever we can.

So I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me,
And we've agreed together that we can never agree,
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a gatherin' this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had, for a start;
Although we ne'er suspected 'twould take us two apart;
I had my various fallings, bred in the flesh and bone,
And Betsy, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed,
Was somethin' concerning heaven—a difference in our creed;
We arg'd the thing at breakfast—we arg'd the thing at tea—
And the more we arg'd the question, the more we couldn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket, for certain—the question was only—How?
I held my opinion, and Betsy another had;
And when we were done a talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next time that I remember, it started in a joke;
But for a full week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I fretted because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way;
Always somethin' to arg'e and somethin' sharp to say,
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple o' dozen strong,
And lent their kindest service to help the thing along.

And there have been days together—and many a weary week—
When both of us were cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak;
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the Summer and Fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then I won't at all.

And so I've talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write it on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live stock, she shall have her half;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,
And it's nothin' more than justice that Betsy has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead; a man can thrive and roam,
But women are wretched critters unless they have a home.
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsy never should want a home if I was taken away.

There's a little hard money besides, that's drawin' tol'able pay,
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day,
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause there, and give her all of that.

I see that you are smiling, sir, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such;
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young,
And Betsy was always good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

When I was young as you, sir, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mitted a lawyer, and several other chaps;
And all of 'em was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And for a time I was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once, when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey, and crazy as a loon—
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight;
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen;
And I don't complain of Betsy, or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer; and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right;
And then in the mornin' I'll sell to a tradin' man I know—
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur:
That when I am dead at last she will bring me back to her,
And lay me under the maple we planted years ago,
When she and I was happy, before we quarreled so.

And when she dies, I wish that she would be laid by me;
And lyin' together in silence, perhaps, we'll then agree;
And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we've quarreled here.

[In our next number we shall publish the sequel to the above
recitation, entitled, "Betsy Destroys the Paper."—Ed.]

THE TRAMP.

Recited by N. S. Salisbury in "The Brook."

Lemme sit down a minute, a stone's got in my shoe;
Don't you commence your cussin', I ain't done nothin' to you.
Yes, I'm a tramp. What of it? Folks say we ain't no good,
But tramps has to live, I reckon, tho' folks don't think we should.
Once I was strong and handsome, had plenty of cash and clothes—
That was afore I tipped, and gin got into my nose.
Down in the Lehigh Valley me and my people grew—
I was a blacksmith, cap'en—yes, and a good one, too;
Me, and my wife and Nellie—Nellie was just sixteen,
She was the pootiest creeter the Valley had ever seen.
Beaux! why she had a dozen—had 'em from near and far,
But they were mostly farmers—none of 'em suited her.
There was a city stranger—young, handsome and tall,
Darn him—I wish I had him strangled agin that wall.
He was the man for Nellie—she didn't know no ill;
Mother, she tried to stop it, but you know a young gal's will,
Well, it's the same old story—common enough, you'll say;
He was a soft-tongued devil, and got her to run away.
More than a month or after we heard from the poor young thing—
He'd gone away and left her without a wedding ring.
Back to her home we brought her, back to her mother's side,
Filled with a raging fever—she fell at my feet and died.
Frantic with shame and trouble, her mother began to sink,
Dead—in less than a fortnight—that's when I took to drink.
Gimme one glass, curnel, and then I'll be on my way;
I'll tramp till I find that scoundrel, if it takes till the judgment day.

Decision in "The Gipsy's Warning."

Tune—"The Gipsy's Warning."

The Sheet Music suitable for this Song can be had of Henry J. Wehman,
No. 50 Chatham Street, New York. Price 35 cents.

Copyright, 1873, by Hiram Smith.

Down beside yon flowing river,
Where bereft'd, where willows weep,
Where must lie that fair one ever—
Stranger, why those vigils keep?
Why go there, alone and early,
Those morning flowers to strew?
Did you love in truth, so dearly?
Do you grieve as others do?

Stranger I've been thinking, sadly,
How you promis'd, wood and wor;
How innocent her love, that gladly
Heard fair words, built hopes thereon;
That she's in the cold ground sleeping,
By the river's moaning wave,
That the willows now are weeping
O'er that maiden's early grave!

Warnings from that grave do tell me
And a living voice I hear—
Of a wooer, who would seek me,
Pleading, by a love sincere,
That without me life was sorrow,
Take this heart and hand of mine,
Promise bliss for ev'ry mornin',
Then forsake me—let me pine.

Stranger, I will heed the warning,
Coming from that river's side;
Flowers you strew there in the morning,
I'll renew at eventide.
There our walks, but not together,
For the gipsy tells me true;
Mourns her child in tears, that smother
Ev'ry kindly thought for you.

WST! WST! WST!

As sung by Tom Sayers.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Each animal and bird can hear the voice of love,
From the roaring lion to the turtle dove,
And when I want to call a mate, I have my way.
And in a language of my own thus I say:

CHORUS.

"How d'ye do, wst, wst! how are you? wst, wst!"
You are always sure to fetch them with a wst, wst!
Come along, wst, wst! nothing wrong, wst, wst!
Oh! won't you come and take a walk and wst, wst, wst!

One day I met a lady in the Central Park,
She said that she was fond of birds, and liked a lark,
So I sat myself beside her, 'neath the rustling trees,
And took her little hand in mine, and gave it a squeeze.

CHORUS.

"How d'ye do? wst, wst! how are you, wst, wst!"
You are always sure to fetch them with a wst, wst, wst!
Come along, wst, wst! nothing wrong, wst, wst!
Oh! won't you come and take a walk and wst, wst, wst!

Says she, "I think my appetite is very good,
A pleasant meal I'd relish sir, indeed I should;
I'm good at ordering suppers, and I'll save your self.
So if you do not mind, I'll order it myself."

CHORUS.

"Garcon, here! wst, wst! nothing queer
We want the best of everything, wst, wst,
And will test, wst, wst! the very best, wst, wst!
And we don't mind what we pay for it, wst, wst, wst!"

The way she ate, I thought that she herself would hurt,
The soup, the fish, the entrees, joints, and the dessert,
She truly said that appetite's a splendid sauce,
And she ordered in a different wine with every course.

CHORUS.

Curacoa, wst, wst! she could lower, wst, wst!
She started on the wine list, with a wst, wst, wst!
Then some rum, wst, wst! yes, rum and gum, wst, wst!
Did the fairy sweetly order, with a "wst, wst, wst!"

She ordered everything with such a charming grace,
That the bill was growing just about as long as my face,
When in a hulking fellow came, who grimly said,
"If you don't pay the bill and go, I'll punch your head!"

CHORUS.

Au revoir! wst, wst! through the door, wst, wst!
Then arm-in-arm they left me, with a wst, wst, wst!
Waiter came, wst, wst! same old game, wst, wst!
"Come and settle for the supper, with a wst, wst, wst!"

The charges were about as high as Bunker Hill,
Amazed was I when called upon to square that bill,
And when I went to settle up, what could I do?
When I found my purse was gone, my watch, my diamonds, too!

CHORUS.

"Policeman, here! wst, wst! something queer, wst, wst!"
They had to fetch my father, with a wst, wst, wst!
Never try, wst, wst! if you're fly, wst, wst!
In the Park to get a sweetheart, with a wst, wst, wst!

There is a Fine Ship on the Ocean.

There is a fine ship on the ocean,
All lined with silver and gold;
Its name is "Abraham Lincoln,"
And I'm sure that my Willie's on board.

CHORUS.

Oh! meet, oh! meet me by moonlight,
Oh! meet me by moonlight alone;
I have a sad story to tell you,
Must be told by the moonlight alone.

Oh! where has my Willie now gone to?
He's out on the wild raging sea,
He's out on the ocean a sailing,
And he'll never come back unto me.—Chorus.

I wish I knew of an eagle
Would lend me his wings for to fly;
I'd fly to the arms of my Willie,
And there I would lay down and die.—Chorus.

THE TRUE IRISH GENTS.

It's a shame on the stage how they mimic our race,
In a style that's a mystery to me;
How the people in front will stand such insult,
Receiving such blockheads with glee.
If they went to old Ireland they'd find their mistake,
For our boys and our girls are well dressed,
In manners as well to you I will tell,
For they stand in the land with the best.

CHORUS.

For in singing and dancing, and all kinds of sport,
And if ever to Ireland you went,
From their heads to their toes, they all wear decent clothes—
I speak of a true Irish gent.

Sure they make up their faces, and look just like fools,
And they walk like a dog with three legs;
If they went to old Ireland, to show them such sport,
They'd be pelted with stones and bad eggs;
For its there you'll find ladies and gentlemen, too,
Educated, kind-hearted and true,
And I hope for to see that little Isle free,
And the green with the red, white and blue.—Chorus.

I CAN'T MAKE IT OUT, CAN YOU?

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 30 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

My name is Joe Slycove, I'm not quite a fool,
Nor yet am I cram full of knowledge;
I was not brought up at a grand boarding school,
And I've never been inside a college;
I'm a kind of philosopher, tho', in my way,
As the journey of life I go through,
And the strange things we hear of and see ev'ry day,
I can't make it out, can you?

CHORUS.

No! I can't make it out, can you?
I can't make it out, can you?
The queer things I see quite mystify me,
And I can't make them out, can you?

Now I know a party—some call him a swell,
For his style is so heavy and grand,
You'd think him the Marquis of Hanover Square,
Or some other "big pot" of the land;
He follows the fashion, drinks "Chammy" and drives
His girl down to Richmond or Kew,
Yet he's only a clerk, upon sixty a year—
Now I can't make that out, can you?—Chorus.

Moderation in drink is a thing I admire,
But total abstinence—all bosh!
I can do a few glasses whenever I require,
But the "Good Templar" system won't wash!
Now I know of one who won't touch beer or grog,
And tells me my small drinking I'll rue,
While her nose is as red as the sun in a fog—
Now I can't make that out, can you?—Chorus.

And the dear darling girls who go sailing along
(Some "impertinent" folks call them guys),
What with pads on their heads and humps on their backs,
They appear quite a glorious size;
But when they dismantle, oh! dear, what a sell!
As soon as the truth comes to view,
You find there's more shadow than substance, my friends,
And I don't care for that much—do you?—Chorus.

There's a neighbor of mine sells new milk from the cow,
And new milk from the cow's very nice,
His trade is but small, whilst his family's large,
And his milk is sold at a low price;
I've ne'er seen or heard one of his cows, I declare,
Tho' he represents he's got a few,
And somehow his pump's always out of repair—
Now I can't make that out, can you?—Chorus.

Now I trust you're not tired, and wish me away,
For I am not myself in the least,
But I think for the present I've gossiped enough,
And enough is as good as a feast;
Without any scandal I give you my thoughts
Upon things as they seem to my view,
And if in my song there is anything wrong,
I can't make it out, can you?—Chorus.

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Emmet's "Mountain Song."

Copyright, 1878, by George Gray.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Oh! shust look at me now,
I was a mountain guide,
Und de ladies und de shentlemen,
In me dey do confide, dey do confide,
Und ven de strangers come to town,
To climb up de mountain top,
Ven dey don't go mit me,
Upon de road dey shlop,
Und de ladies got so 'fraid,
Dat de shentlemens leave dem behind, behind, behind,
De shentlemens leave 'em behind.

CHORUS.

Climb up, climb up, climb up de mountain high,
De ladies are fond of fun, und never go back on me
Climb up, climb up, climb up de mountain high,
Dey like de fun, und never go back on me.

Und ven de ladies climb,
I help dem up so nice,
Und ven ve reach de mountain top
I always try de ice, I try de ice.
Und ven de traveler's most tired out,
I sing und make some fun,
Und ven ve reach'd de chalet,
I fire de great big gun,
Und de echo you vill hear,
Like de break of a thunder storm, dat's so, dat's so,
Like de break of a thunder storm.—Chorus.

The Cows are in the Corn.

Copyright, 1878, by E. H. Harding.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

Oh! father's gone to market town—
He was up before the day—
And Jamie's after robin's nests,
And the man is making hay;
And whistling down the hollow goes
The boy that minds the mill,
While mother, from the kitchen door,
Is calling with a will:
Polly! Polly! the cows are in the corn!
Polly! Polly! the cows are in the corn!

From all the misty morning air
There comes a Summer sound,
A murmur, as of waters, comes
From ships, and trees, and ground;
The birds they sing upon the wing,
The pigeons bill and coo,
And over hills and hollow rings
Again the loud halloo!
Polly! Polly! the cows are in the corn!
Polly! Polly! the cows are in the corn!

How strange at such a time of day
The mill should stop its clatter;
The farmer's wife is list'ning now,
And wonders what's the matter.
Oh, wild the birds are singing in
The woodland on the hill,
While whistling up the hollow goes
The boy that minds the mill.
Polly! Polly! the cows are in the corn!
Polly! Polly! the cows are in the corn!

—Why is the bridegroom worth more than the bride? Because she is given away, and he is sold.

DER BRAVE HUZZARS.

Copyright, 1881, by Henry J. Wehman.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Words and Music by Bonnie Runnells.

You talk about your drummers—
Ve're der finest in der corps—
Ve serv'd our dime in sixdy-nine,
In de Franco-Prussian war;
Ve got medals from King William,
Which ve justly do deserve,
For drumming in dat army, yes,
And displaying spunk and nerve.

CHORUS.

For ven you see us brave huzzars,
Our helmets shine, just like der stars,
Our noble flag shows many a scar,
For we are known as der brave huzzars.

De Americans love der nation,
And der Germans, too, der same,
For fighting for our liberty,
Dat is our greatest fame;
Ven ve meet oder regiments
No jealousy ve show,
Ve lend a helping hand to all,
No matter high or low.—Chorus.

LOVE'S CHIDINGS.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

Why do you thus try me, why do you thus fly me,
Why thus deny me, day after day?

CHORUS.

Hast thou no feeling to see me kneeling,
My love revealing, day after day?

Thee have I loved dearly, yes, madly, sincerely,
But thou hast nearly made hope gray.—Chorus.

Ah! then must we sever? parted forever,
And wilt thou never think, love, of me?—Chorus.

Old Fashioned Homestead.

Copyright, 1879, by John F. Perry & Co.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

I still do remember the old-fashioned homestead,
That beautiful place where I first saw the light,
Where oft I have played on the green when in childhood,
That lovely old spot was so happy and bright.
The garden was loaded with sweet scented flowers—
The pretty magnolias grew close by the door—
How sweetly the mocking bird sang in the wildwood;
Take me back home, let me see it once more.

CHORUS.

The old-fashioned homestead I still do remember—
The magnolia flowers grew close by the door—
How sweetly the mocking bird sang in the wildwood;
Take me back home, let me see it once more.

How often I've thought of my dear aged mother—
God bless and protect her from sorrow and pain;
She kissed and caressed me so fondly in childhood,
I long to return just to see her again.
The garden and groves will look strange when I see them,
Those sweet lovely places I still do adore;
The years, too, have vanished since last I beheld them;
Take me back home, let me see it once more.—Chorus.

FATHER TOM O'NEIL.

Sung by James Barlow.

There was a woman lived in this place, she had three charming sons;
Their father died, and left them when they were very young;
A long time she endeavored to maintain her darling sons,
Until the youngest one became a man at the age of twenty-one.

One night he discoursed with his mother, these words to her did say:
I think it will fall on one of us to go far away;
Your land is too small to support us all, and if you would agree,
I am fully bent and well content a clergyman to be.

His mother being glad to hear such a thought come in his mind,
She says: I will do all I can to help my darling child.
She spoke unto his brothers, and they did soon agree
They'd send him off to college, a clergyman to be.

He was not long in college when the Rev. Bishop Brown
Came to examine the collegians, and viewed them all around.
He saw this clever young man, marked him above them all—
He was the first he did discourse when on them he did call.

He says: young man, where are you from? come tell to me your name.
I am from the County Armagh, they call me Tom O'Neil;
My mother she is a widow of a low degree;
She has done her best endeavors to make a priest of me.

As Thomas O'Neil, then, is your name, the bishop he did say:
Go study hard, both night and day;
I will have you soon ordained, to help your mother that did so well for thee;
I will send you home a credit, your country boys to see.

When this young man came home ordained, the neighbors were glad to hear,
And all that came to welcome him, came in twos and threes;
Particularly his own dear friends to welcome him they ran,
And you never saw such welcome as was for the widow's son.

There was a man lived in this place, he was as rich as a duke or knight;
He had an only daughter, she was a beauty bright.
She says unto her father: I will go this young man to see,
For before he went to college, he was a school-boy along with me.

She was brought into a parlor, where she drank ale and wine;
She says: you are a clever young man, I would have you resign.
What made you be a clergyman? you know you are astray,
For a clergyman must rise by night, and travel hard by day.

Come, take some noble lady whose fortune will be grand;
You will have men to wait on you, and be a gentleman.
Come take myself now, as I stand; you know my fortune is great;
I have ten thousand pounds a year, and, at a death, a whole estate.

He says: my noble lady, do not explain your mind,
For if you offer ten times more, I would not resign;
For in this holy station I mean to lead my life;
So say no more, my dearest dear, I will never take a wife.

It was when he did deny her, this villain she came home,
And in eight weeks after, her secret she let know;
She swore, before the magistrate, that he did her beguile;
And for four long weeks before she went to him, she was with child.

The morning of his trial, it grieved our hearts full sore
To see his tender mother; it grieved her ten times more
To see her son, a clergyman, his age about twenty-three,
To be cut down, in his prime, by cruel perjury.

Now, Tom, what is the reason you don't marry this fair?
I think she is a companion for a duke, I declare;
What are you but a widow's son, that is both poor and mean?
You might think it a great honor such a lady to obtain.

Then Father Tom stood up and said: I have no witness here,
I call on the Almighty, and he will make me clear;
I never said I would marry her, or make her my wife,
For I never knew a female from a man in all my life.

Now, Tom, as you won't marry her, I will give you to understand,
Seven long years transportation into Van Dieman's Land;
That is bad, but it might be worse. Then Father Tom did say:
Our Saviour suffered more than that, when he died on calvary.

These words were hardly spoken, when a horse came as swift as wind,
And on him came a rider, saying: I was not here in time;
I call that trial over again, I am here that can reply;
She wants two fathers for her child—that's Father Tom and I.

I can tell the very moment, likewise the very spot,
She gave me ten thousand pounds the night the child was got.
She said she would give me a thousand more—if I would not let on;
She wants to make a husband of the Right Reverend Father Tom.

Then Father Tom put on his hat, and then began to smile;
He says unto his mother: you see how God assists your child!
They looked on one another, when they found her perjury;
The villain was found guilty, and his reverence came home free.

The Grave of Wolfe Tone.

A Recitation—By Thomas Davis.

In Bodinstown churchyard there is a green grave,
And wildly along it the Winter winds rave;
Small shelter I ween, are the ruined walls there,
When the storm sweeps down on the plains of Kildare.

Once I lay on that sod—it lies over Wolfe Tone—
And thought how he perished in prison alone,
His friends unavenged, and his country unfreed—
"Oh, bitter," I said, "is a patriot's meed."

"For in him the heart of a woman combined
With a heroic life, and a governing mind—
A martyr for Ireland—his grave has no stone,
His name seldom named, and his virtues unknown."

I was woke from my dream by the voices and tread
Of a band, who came into the home of the dead;
They carried no corpse, and they carried no stone,
And they stopped when they came to the grave of Wolfe Tone.

There were students and peasants, the wise and the brave,
And an old man who knew him from cradle to grave,
And the children who thought me hard-hearted; for they
On that sanctified soil were forbidden to play.

But the old man, who saw I was mourning there, said:
"We come, sir, to weep where young Wolfe Tone is laid,
And we're going to raise him a monument, too—
A plain one, yet fit for the simple and true."

My heart overflowed, and I clasped his old hand,
And I blessed him, and blessed every one of his band
"Sweet! sweet! 'tis to find that such faith can remain
To the cause, and the man so long vanquished and slain."

In the Bodinstown churchyard there is a green grave,
And freely around it let Winter winds rave;
Far better they suit him—the ruin and gloom—
Till Ireland, a nation, can build him a tomb.

THE WHITE COCKADE.

Irish Jacobite Song—By J. J. Callanan.

Prince Charles he is King James's son
And from a royal line he sprung;
Then up with shout, and out with blade,
And we'll raise once more the white cockade.
O! my dear, my fair-hair'd youth,
Thou yet hast hearts of fire and truth;
Then up with shout, and out with blade—
We'll raise once more the white cockade.

My young men's hearts are dark with woe;
On my virgins' cheeks the grief-drops flow;
The sun scarce lights the sorrowing day,
Since our rightful prince went far away.
He's gone, the stranger holds his throne;
The royal bird far off is flown;
But up with shout, and out with blade—
We'll stand or fall with the white cockade.

No more the cuckoo hails the Spring,
The woods no more with staunch hounds ring;
The song from the glen so sweet before
Is hush'd since Charles has left our shore.
The Prince is gone, but he soon will come,
With trumpet-sound and with beat of drum;
Then up with the shout, and out with the blade—
Huzza for the right and the white cockade.

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF ELIZA.

As sung in the comic opera of "Billee Taylor."

The complete words and music of "Billee Taylor" sent to any address, on receipt of 75 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

The yarn I'm about to spin
Is all on account of Eliza;
I'll tell you how I was taken in,
All on account of Eliza.
She said that she'd ever be true to one,
But she bolted away with a son-of-a-gun,
So I cut my stick and to sea I run,
All on account of Eliza.

CHORUS.

All on account, all on account, all on account of Eliza;
He cut his stick and to sea he run,
All on account of Eliza.

I've nearly been blown away in a gale,
All on account of Eliza;
And I've almost been eaten up by a whale,
All on account of Eliza.
I've had sword-cuts by dozens, and I've been shot through.
I've had yellow fever, and also the blue;
I've been bitten by sharks, and by crocodiles, too,
All on account of Eliza.

CHORUS.

All on account, all on account, all on account of Eliza;
He's been bitten by sharks, and by crocodiles, too,
All on account of Eliza.

My duty is now, smart lads, to press,
All on account of Eliza;
If they say "No," why I say "Yes."
All on account of Eliza;
So look up, my mess-mates, some boys for the sea,
And if to your summons they do not agree,
Why, shiver my timbers, just tell 'em for me,
That it's all on account of Eliza.

CHORUS.

All on account, all on account, all on account of Eliza;
Why, shiver my timbers, just tell 'em, says he,
That it's all on account of Eliza.

I've courted the ladies all through my life,
All on account of Eliza;
But never could steer to the proper wife,
All on account of Eliza;
I've kiss'd and I've hugg'd them in ev'ry port,
The fat and the lean, the tall and the short;
But somehow or other they wasn't my sort,
All on account of Eliza.

CHORUS.

All on account, all on account, all on account of Eliza;
But somehow or other, they wasn't his sort,
All on account of Eliza.

A WARRIOR BOLD.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 30 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

In the days of old, when knights were bold,
And barons held their sway,
A warrior bold, with spurs of gold,
Sang merrily his lay, sang merrily his lay.
My love is young and fair,
My love hath golden hair,
And eyes so blue, and heart so true,
That none with her compare;
So what care I tho' death be nigh,
I'll live for love or die.

So this brave knight, in armor bright,
Went gallily to the fray;
He fought the fight, but ere the night,
His soul had passed away, his soul had passed away.
The plighted ring he wore,
Was crushed and wet with gore,
Yet ere he died, he bravely cried.
I've kept the vow I swore;
So what care I tho' death be nigh,
I've fought for love, and die.

MARY ANN McLAUGHLIN.

Copyright, 1878, by Geo. Mollineux.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

In a cosy cottage painted green,
About three miles from here,
There lives a pretty Irish queen,
To me she does prove dear.
Her mother takes in washing,
And the girl helps to keep up the trade;
Sunday when I go for to see her,
These words to her I'd say:

CHORUS.

Mary Ann McLaughlin, don't you cry,
Take that apron from your eye;
Don't you let the neighbors hear you sigh,
And we will married be bye-and-bye.

Now soon I'm going to married be,
Of course I'll settle down;
I'll buy a house, also a farm,
A little way out of town.
Oh! then it will be joyful,
When, as cosy as a mouse,
To see the young O'Malleys,
Playing tag around the house.—Chorus.

MR. AND MRS. MALONE.

Tune—"My Dear Old Wife and I."

The Sheet Music suitable for this Song can be had of Henry J. Wehman, No. 50 Chatham Street, New York. Price 30 cents.

Kind friends, just listen now to us,
And we'll sing to you a rhyme,
And tell you of our youthful days,
When we were in our prime.
We're getting old, yes, very old,
And soon must pass away;
We've traveled on life's weary road
With spirits always gay.

CHORUS.

Old Mr. and Mrs. Malone,
Old Mr. and Mrs. Malone;
A jollier old pair you'll seldom find
Than Mr. and Mrs. Malone.

'Tis now some sixty years ago
Since we first joined our lot,
And in that time there's nothing wrong
Transpired in our cot.
We've had our share of sunshine,
And of course we can't complain;
Them good old days that's passed and gone
Can never come again.—Chorus.

TWICKENHAM FERRY.

Sung by "Carnecross" Minstrels.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 30 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

Ohoi yeho, ho yeho, who's for the ferry,
(The briar's in bud, the sun going down,)
And I'll row ye so quick and I'll row ye so steady,
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham town.
The ferryman's slim, and the ferryman's young,
And he's just a soft twang in the turn of his tongue,
And he's fresh as a pippin, and brown as a berry,
And 'tis but a penny to Twickenham town.

Ohoi yeho, ho yeho, "I'm for the ferry."
(The briar's in bud, the sun going down.)
And its late as it is, and I haven't a penny,
And how shall I get me to Twickenham town?
She'd a rose in her bonnet, and oh, she look'd sweet
As the little pink flower that grows in the wheat,
With her cheeks like a rose, and her lips like a cherry,
"And sure and you're welcome to Twickenham town."

Ohoi yeho, ho! you're too late for the ferry,
(The briar's in bud, the sun going down.)
And he's not rowing quick, and he's not rowing steady—
You'd think 'twas a journey to Twickenham town.
"Ohoi and Oho," you may call as you will,
The moon is a rising on Petersham Hill,
And with love like a rose in the stern of the wherry,
There's danger in crossing to Twickenham town.

Twinkle, Twinkle Little Stars.

Copyright, 1879, by White, Smith & Co.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

The pretty little stars are laughing, love,
The sky looks calm and clear,
The moon is shining brightly from above—
'Tis time that you were here;
You said that you would surely come at eight,
And with the twinkling stars,
Down by grandpa's meadow,
You would meet me at the bars.

CHORUS.

O twinkle, twinkle, twinkle little stars,
O twinkle, twinkle, twinkle little stars;
You said that you would surely come at eight,
And with the twinkling stars,
Down, down by grandpa's meadow,
You would meet me at the bars.

The pretty little stars are laughing, love,
They speak to me of you,
They tell me as the twinkle of above,
That you to me are true;
And the silvery moon is peeping through the clouds,
Behind the pretty stars,
Tells me 'tis eight, and time that
You should meet me at the bars.—*Chorus.*

A HANDFUL OF EARTH.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 50 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

Och! it's sailin' I am at the dawn of the day,
To my brother that's over the sea,
But it's little I'll care for my life anywhere,
For its breaking my poor heart will be.
But a treasure I'll take for ould Ireland's sake,
That I'll prize all belonging above—
It's a handful of earth from the land of my birth,
From the heart of the land that I love.

And won't the poor lad in his exile be glad
When he sees the brave present I bring,
And won't there be flowers from this treasure of ours,
In the warmth of the beautiful Spring.
Och! Erin Machree! tho' it's partin' we be,
It's a blessin' I'll lave on your shore,
And your mountains and streams I will see in my dreams.
'Till I cross to my country once more.

Be Home Early To-Night, My Dear Boy

As Sung by Johnny Gibbons.

I have traveled through life, I have seen many things
That surprised me in every form;
I have been at the plow, I have been at the spade
'Till dark, and at sunrise in the morn;
But at night I would go for some pleasure through town—
I was always for pleasure and joy,
My mother would say, when going away,
Be home early to-night, my dear boy.

CHORUS.

Be home early to-night, my dear boy;
Be home early to-night, my dear boy;
Don't spend all your money to gamble and drink;
Be home early to-night, my dear boy.

One night I left home, and poor mother was sick,
In fever of torture and pain;
She says, "My dear boy, take the motto I give,
I may not give it to you again."
But when I returned from my night's fun and joy,
I heard my poor mother was dead;
'Twas then a cold chill through my body did run,
When I thought of the last words she said.—*Chorus.*

All young men that are here, take a word of advice:
To your father and mother attend,
For a good mother's love it must not be forgot—
When she's gone you've lost your best friend.
Don't spend all your money to gamble and drink,
There are many things you can enjoy;
Take the lesson I give—'twas a mother's request—
Keep good hours at night, my dear boys.—*Chorus.*

Grant's Trip Around the World.

Tune—"True as Steel."

The Sheet Music suitable for this Song can be had of Henry J. Wehman, No. 50 Chatham Street, New York. Price 35 cents.

If you listen for awhile I'm sure I'll make you smile,
For my head is always getting in a whirl;
I'm captain of this land, and you bet I'll take command.
For my name is Grant, and I've been around the world.
To England I have been, and there I met the Queen,
A Marquis, a Duchess, and an Earl;
I spoke for twenty-four hours, drank all the whiskey sours,
For my name is Grant, and I've been all around the world.

CHORUS.

O'Leary's shoes upon my feet, a cigar between my teeth;
I'm the darling, the pet with every girl;
I'm traveling in disguise, and fed on custard pies,
For my name is Grant, and I've been around the world.

I then went over to Cork—'twas only for a lark—
And the Council shut the doors fast in a whirl;
I then skipped over to Spain, and was told to come again,
For I'm Gen. Grant, and I've been around the world.
In Germany and France they learned me how to dance,
And in Italy I kissed Alfonso;
In China I eat rice, and in Africa eat mice,
For my name is Grant, and I've been around the world.
O'Leary's shoes upon my feet, a cigar, &c.

I then went back to France, was a Committee on Finance,
But I got drunk and had to fight an Earl;
Of course I had to skip on board a government ship,
For my name is Grant, and I've been around the world.
But I'm now in my native land, and you bet I'll take command,
For the politicians say that I'm a furl,
But you bet I've got to squirm, if I want another term,
For I'm the immortal Grant, for I've been around the world.
O'Leary's shoes upon my feet, a cigar, &c.

The Little Flower You Gave Me.

Copyright, 1872, by Roe Stephens.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

I've been thinking, darling, thinking
Of the days now past and gone,
When I met you down beside the dear old mill;
How you told me that you loved me,
And your heart was all my own.
I'm thinking, darling, thinking of you still;
And in the shades of evening,
Tears will fill my eyes;
I'm sad and lonely all my journey through,
And the little flower you gave me,
It is all I've left to prize;
I'm thinking, darling, dreaming most of you.

CHORUS.

I've been thinking, darling, thinking,
I've been thinking of thee, fond and true,
And the little flower you gave me,
It is all I've left to prize;
I'm thinking, darling, thinking,
I'm thinking now of you.

I've been thinking, darling, thinking
Of our childhood's happy home,
Where the drooping willows kiss'd the running streams,
And old memories cluster round me,
For no matter where I roam,
Your sunbright face is ever in my dreams.
Sweet angels guard my darling,
Angels bright and fair;
We'll meet again beyond the jasper sea;
For the memories of the old home
Ever linger with me now;
I think of you wherever I may go.—*Chorus.*

—A pair of lovers, fleeing from stern and cruel parents, were married in the cars, near St. Louis, the other day. Papa telegraphed to the conductor to send his daughter home, but he telegraphed back—"Never return a fair on this road."

BETSY DESTROYS THE PAPER.

A Recitation—By D. R. Locke.

I've brought back the paper, lawyer, and fetched the parson here,
To see that things are regular, and settled up fair and clear;
For I've been talking with Caleb, and Caleb has with me,
And the mount of it is we're minded to try once more to agree.

So I came here on the business—only a word to say
(Caleb is staking pea-vines, and couldn't come to-day.)
Just to tell you and parson how that we've changed our mind;
So I'll tear up the paper, lawyer, you see it wasn't signed!

And now if parson is ready, I'll walk with him toward home;
I want to thank him for something, 'twas kind of him to come;
He's showed a Christian spirit, stood by us firm and true;
We mightn't have changed our mind, squire, if he'd been a lawyer too.

There!—how good the sun feels, and the grass, and blowin' trees,
Something about them lawyers makes me feel fit to freeze;
I wasn't bound to state particular to that man,
But it's right you should know, parson, about our change of plan.

We'd been some days a waverin' a little, Caleb and me,
And wished the hateful paper at the bottom of the sea;
But I guess 'twas the prayer list evening, and the few words you said,
That thawed the ice between us, and brought things to a head.

You see, when we came to division, there were things that wouldn't divide;
There was our twelve-year-old baby, she couldn't be satisfied
To go with one or the other, but just kept whimperin' low,
"I'll stay with papa and mamma, and where they go I'll go."

Then there was grandsire's Bible—he died on our wedding day;
We couldn't halve the old Bible, and should it go or stay?
The sheets that was Caleb's mother's, her sampler on the wall,
With the sweet old names worked in—Tryphena, and Eunice, and Paul.

It began to be hard then, parson, but it grew harder still,
Talkin' of Caleb established down at McHenrysville;
Three dollars a week 'twould cost him; no mendin' nor sort of care,
And board at the Widow Meacham's—a woman that wears false hair.

Still we went on a talkin'; I agreed to knit some socks,
And make a dozen striped shirts, and a pair of wa'mus frocks;
And he was to cut a doorway from the kitchen to the shed;
"Save you climbin' steps much, in frosty weather," he said.

He brought me the pen at last; I felt a sinkin', and he
Looked as he did with the agur, in the Spring of sixty-three;
'Twas then you dropped in, parson, 'twasn't much that was said,
"Little children, love one another," but the thing was killed stone dead.

I should like to make confession; not that I'm going to say
The fault was all on my side, that never was my way,
But it may be true that women—though how 'tis I can't see—
Are a trifle more aggravatin' than men know how to be.

Then, parson, the neighbors' meddlin'—it wasn't pourin' oil;
And the church a laborin' with us, 'twas worse than wasted toil;
And I've thought, and so has Caleb, though maybe we are wrong,
If they'd kept to their own business, we should have got along.

There was Deacon Amos Purdy, a good man as we know,
But hadn't a gift of laborin' except with the scythe and hoe;
Then a load came over in peach time from the Wilbur neighborhood,
"Season of prayer," they called it; didn't do an atom of good.

I'll tell you about the helper—one of the kindest and best—
That brother Ephraim gave me, the Fall he moved out West;
I'm free to own it riled me that Caleb should think and say
She died of convulsions—a cow that milked four gallons a day.

But I needn't have spoke of turnips, needn't have been so cross,
And said hard things, and hinted as if 'twas all my loss;
And I'll take it all back, parson; that fire shan't ever break out,
Though the cow was choked with a turnip, I never had a doubt.

Then there are p'int's of doctrine, and views of a future state,
I'm willing to stop discussin'; we can both afford to wait;
'Twon't bring the millennium sooner, disputin' about when it's due,
Although I feel an assurance that mine's the Scriptural view.

But the blessedest truths of the Bible, I've learned to think don't lie
In the texts we hunt with a candle to prove our doctrines by,
But them that come to us in sorrow, and when we're on our knees;
So if Caleb won't argue on free-will, I'll leave alone the decrees.

One notion of Caleb's, parson, seems rather misty and dim;
I wish, if it comes convenient, you'd change a word with him;
It don't quite stand to reason, and for gospel it isn't clear,
That folks love better in heaven for having quarreled here.

I've no such an expectation; why, parson, if that is so,
You needn't have worked so faithful to reconcile folks below;
I hold another opinion, and hold it straight and square,
If we can't be peaceable here, we won't be peaceable there.

But there's the request he made; you know it, parson, about
Bein' laid under the maples that his own hand set out,
And me to be laid beside him when my time comes to go;
As if—as if—don't mind me; but 'twas that unstrung me so.

And now that some scales, as we think, have fallen from our eyes,
And things brought so to a crisis have made us both more wise,
Why, Caleb says, and so I say, till the Lord parts him and me,
We'll love each better, and try our best to agree.

Gwine to Cross de River Bye-and-Bye

Composed by W. McNamara.

Oh! white folks listen while I sing to you a song—
I'se gwine to cross de river bye-and-bye;
And I hope I won't detain you long—
I'se gwine to cross de river bye-and-bye.
Oh! de angel Gabriel, blowing on his horn—
I'se gwine to cross de river bye-and-bye;
Wake up all de niggers on de judgment morn—
I'se gwine to cross de river bye-and-bye.

CHORUS.

Den shout for glory, shout for glory, children—
I'm gwine to get on de gospel train,
To cross o'er de river bye-and-bye.

I'se gwine to hallelujah, for to wear a glory crown—
And I'm gwine to cross de river bye-and-bye;
Make all you sinners come a 'tumbling down—
I'se gwine to cross de river bye-and-bye.
Oh! de golden chariot am awaiting for you all—
I'se gwine to cross de river bye-and-bye;
Take ail on board from de large to de small—
I'se gwine to cross de river bye-and-bye.—Chorus.

Oh! de angel Gabriel lives in de sky—
I'se gwine to cross de river bye-and-bye;
And I hope I'll go dere when I die—
I'se gwine to cross de river bye-and-bye.
For de good people go dere without any cost—
I'se gwine to cross de river bye-and-bye;
And de bad ones surely will get lost—
I'se gwine to cross de river bye-and-bye.—Chorus.

Dar am Honey on dese Lips.

Copyright, 1878, by E. H. Harding.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt
of cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

Come and kiss me, Linda, kiss me,
I'se a waitin' for you here,
For I know dat you would miss me,
If dis darkey was not near.
Long I'se lov'd you, Linda, lov'd you,
As de bee de flower it sips,
And as true as de stars above you,
Dar am honey on dese lips.

CHORUS.

Long I'se lov'd you, Linda, lov'd you,
As de bee de flower it sips,
And as true as stars above you,
Dar am honey on dese lips.

Come and nestle close beside me,
So I loves you all de more,
For I knows you will confide me
Something nebber told before.
While you're lookin' from de winda,
Think how soon de beebing slips,
And believe me, darling Linda,
Dar am honey on dese lips.—Chorus.

Come and whisper words of pleasure,
Tell me if your heart am true,
For you am my dearest treasure,
And, my love, I love but you;
Now, as in de past I feel it,
From my toes to finger tips,
And I wish you'd let me seal it
Wid de honey on dese lips.—Chorus.

MARY'S GONE WID A COON.

Copyright, 1880, by Geo. D. Newhall & Co.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

As sung by Billy Kersands.

Dar's heaps of trouble on de old man's mind—
Come darkies, weep wid me,
My Mary Ann's run away wid a coon,
And he's black, he's black as he can be.
But I wouldn't care if he was only yellow,
But he's black all o'er; he's porter in a store,
And my heart it is tore, when I think de matter o'er,
Dat de child dat I bore, should think of me no more
Den to run away wid a great black coon.

CHORUS.

Mary's gone wid a coon;
Mary's gone wid a coon;
Heaps of trouble on de old man's mind,
Since Mary's gone wid a coon.

Oh! I never thought, when I raised dat child,
Of de trouble she would be to me;
She had everything dat her heart could wish—
She was raised in de lap of luxury;
And I never once for a moment suspected
But dat she'd reflected, before she selected
A man more respected, more highly connected,
Less darkly complected, and not have dejected
Dis old man's mind with trouble like dis.—*Chorus.*

Now all you people who have children to raise,
Take warning at my fate;
Watch over dem carefully, or else you'll find,
Like me, dat you have been too late,
For girls are wild when dey're in deir teens:
Dey're always after beaux, and wearing good clothes,
And going to shows, and no one knows
All de troubles and woes, and a parent's heart flows—
It's enough to break dis old man's heart.—*Chorus.*

CHICKENS IN THE GARDEN.

As sung by Johnny Roach.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

I once did know a farmer, a good old jolly soul,
Who used to work upon the farm around his country home;
He had an only daughter, and to win her I did try,
And when I asked him for her hand these words he did reply:

CHORUS.

Treat my daughter kindly, and say you'll do no harm.
And when I die I'll leave to you my little house and farm,
My horse, my plow, my sheep, my cow, my hogs and little barn,
And all those little chickens in the garden.

I own I love this darling girl, and dearly she loves me—
I used to go around her home, her smiling face to see;
To watch her milk her father's cows, and admire her every charm,
And many a drink of milk I got before I left the barn.

SPOKEN—Yes, and the old man would join our hands together,
putting one of his own on each of our heads, he would say: God
bless you, little children, and, young man, remember I'll break
your back if you don't always

Treat my daughter kindly, &c.

Now the old man has consented, and married we will be;
We'll own a little farm ourselves, and live in harmony;
I'll use her well, his only child, and I'll treat her kindly,
And I'll strive to keep the promise that the old man asked of me.

SPOKEN—And oh, Lord, how his eye used to twinkle, and how
it used to tickle me every time I'd hear him say

CHORUS.

Treat my daughter kindly, and say you'll do no harm,
And when I die I'll leave to you my little house and farm.
My horse, my plow, my sheep, my cow, my hogs, and little barn,
And all those little chickens in the garden.

ON THE STRICT "Q. T."

Copyright, 1877, by Wm. A. Pond & Co.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 50 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

As sung by Miss Lydia Thompson.

We are very often told
All that glitters is not gold,
And we're not as we all ought to be;
And you'd quite believe it true,
If you saw the things I do,
When I get upon the strict "Q. T."
The Russians in the East,
Were preparing for a feast—
They meant to carve the Turkey, don't you see?
They said, "It's peace we're on;"
But their little game was Con-
Stantinople on the strict "Q. T."

CHORUS.

Oh, my! what a pious world this is,
And how very good we all seem to be;
What a duffing lot you find,
If you only raise the blind,
And see us on the strict "Q. T."

Old ladies oft declare
Girls should never wear false hair—
The locks that once adorned another she,
Or to use that lily-white;
But they draw the curtains tight,
And use it on the strict "Q. T."
Each girl a little puff
Will in her pocket stuff—
She cannot do without it, all agree;
And her pretty nose she'll powder,
When a moment is allowed her
To do it on the strict "Q. T."
Oh, my! what a pious world, &c.

With a lady when you dine,
And you ask her to take wine,
She says, "I couldn't touch it; not for me!"
Say, "Mumm's the word, make haste!"
And I think you'll find she'll taste
That "Mumm" upon the strict "Q. T."
When Sunday comes you fear
You cannot get your beer—
It's forbidden in the city of the free;
It's naughty, but it's nice,
But if you ask for, "Weiss,"
You'll get it on the strict "Q. T."
Oh, my! what a pious world, &c.

Just take a pretty miss,
And offer her a kiss,
When there's anybody standing by to see;
She'd say she'd rather die,
But you may snatch it on the sly,
And she'll like it on the strict "Q. T."
Now, there's the needy swell
Who calls a girl a "gell,"
Wears an ulster quite a yard below his knee;
Then comes the ancient beau,
Upon whose cheek there is a glow
That we think is on the strict Q. T."
Oh, my! what a pious world, &c.

MISS

PAG

SING

E (S)

SARAH'S YOUNG MAN.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

My first love was Sarah; oh, none could be fairer
Than she was, in fact, I've ne'er seen one so fair;
On her I got love-sick—she was a domestic,
And lived at a mansion in Louisberg Square.
I ne'er shall forget her, the first time I met her,
As she out of the house for the dinner beer ran;
'Twas love at first sight, for on the same night,
I with joy was accepted as Sarah's young man.

I oft got invited to tea, and delighted
I felt at the welcome she always gave me;
While sipping our Souchong we'd talk of affection,
And how I enjoyed the hot muffins for tea.
The servants were Sukey, a very fat cookey,
Jemima, the housemaid, and kitchenmaid Fan;
As one may suppose, they all had their beaux,
But no one was favor'd like Sarah's young man.

Unexpected one night I call'd, when a sight
Met my view, that I scarce could believe my eyes,
But, alas! 'twas too true, there a horse-guard in blue,
Sat quite cosy with Sarah, who star'd with surprise;
And when I demanded a true explanation
Of such heartless conduct, Miss Sarah began
To laugh and grew bolder, while her great clumsy soldier
Seiz'd hold of the collar of Sarah's young man.

Said he coolly to me, "You're not wanted, you see,
If you'll quietly take my advice you'll walk out."
Said I, "If I do, by Jove! you'll go too,"
When the monster began for to knock me about;
While struggling, we both heard the voice of the master,
The soldier with fright up the area steps ran,
While I, soon as able, crawl'd under the table—
A nice situation for Sarah's young man.

Well, down came the master, but before him much faster
Came a nasty black poodle, who scamper'd about;
I trembled with fear, whenever it came near,
And dreaded its finding my hiding-place out;
My breathing I smothered, but, alas! was discovered,
For the poodle a sniffing and barking began;
The master he lifted the cloth from the table,
And dragged out from under it Sarah's young man.

My feelings that moment I cannot describe them—
My looks I am sure must have been most absurd;
I glanced at my captor, then trembled and stammered—
Though trying to speak, I could not say a word.
The master he tighten'd his hold of my collar,
Saying, "Who and what are you? speak out if you can—
A thief or a lover?" Said I, with a stutter,
"No, no, no, if you please sir, I'm Sarah's young man."

I gave to the master all due explanation,
He then let me go and thus ended my fright;
Miss Sarah of course she lost her situation,
And also her soldier, which served her quite right.
The last time we met she was full of regret,
And said, "Oh, forgive me this once if you can;"
But said I, "Oh, no! fools often fall 'tween two stools,
And I'm happy I'm no longer Sarah's young man."

LOST ROSABEL.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 30 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

They have giv'n thee to another,
They have broken ev'ry vow;
They have giv'n thee to another,
And my heart is lonely now.
They remember not our parting,
They remember not our tears,
They have sever'd in an hour
The tenderness of years.
Oh! was it well to leave me;
Thou could'st not so deceive me;
Long and sorely I shall grieve thee,
Lost, lost Rosabel.

They have giv'n thee to another,
Thou art now his gentle bride;
Had I lov'd thee as a brother,
I could see thee by his side;
But I know with gold they've won thee,
And thy trusting heart beguill'd;
Thy mother, too, doth shun me,
For she knew I loved her child.
Oh! was it well to sever
Two fond hearts forever?
I can only answer—never!
Lost, lost Rosabel!

They have giv'n her to another,
She will love him, too, they say;
If her mem'ry do not chide her,
Oh! perhaps, perhaps she may.
But I know that she hath spoken
What she never can forget,
And tho' ray heart be broken,
It will love her, love her yet.
Oh! 'twas not well to sever
Two fond hearts forever?
I can only say—forever—
Dear, dear Rosabel!

TRUE AS STEEL.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

Sung by Miss Kate Mon.rose.

People we meet ev'ry day that are very prone to say,
This world is ev'rywhere devoid of truth,
But trouble, care and strife, and a disappointed life,
Will make skeptics of the old man and the youth;
But to-night, my friends, the object of my song
Is to prove such sayings altogether wrong:
There are men among the best, that have nobly stood the test,
For we tried them and we found them true as steel.

In the days of seventy-six, in our country's awful fix,
When the British sent their minions to our shore,
And the little patriot band, fighting hard for fatherland,
Felt the rigors and the sufferings of the war;
And when ev'ry heart was sinking with despair,
There was one who nobly faced the battle's glare,
Till the victory was won—'twas brave Gen'l Washington;
Yes, we tried him, and we found him true as steel.

NO ONE TO LOVE.

Sung by Miss Fanny May.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 30 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

No one to love, none to caress,
Roving alone in this world's wilderness,
Sad is my heart, joy is unknown,
For, in my sorrow, I'm weeping alone;
No gentle voice, no tender smile,
Makes me rejoice, or cares beguile.

CHORUS.

No one to love, none to caress,
Roving alone in this world's wilderness,
Sad is my heart, joy is unknown,
For, in my sorrow, I'm weeping alone.

In dreams alone loved ones I see,
And well-known voices then whisper to me;
Sighing I wake, wailing I weep—
Soon with the lov'd and lost one I shall sleep;
Oh! blissful rest what heart would stay
Unloved, unblest, from heaven away.
No one to love, none to caress, &c.

None to love, none to caress,
None to respond this heart's tenderness;
Trusting I wait, God in his love
Promises rest in his mansions above;
Oh! bliss in store, oh! joy mine own,
There never more to weep alone.
No one to love, none to caress, &c.

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Why, Dermot, you look healthy, now your dress is neat and clean;
I never see you drunk about, oh! tell where you've been;
Your wife and family all are well, you once did use them strange,
Oh! you are kinder to them; how came this happy change?

It was a dream, a warning voice, which heaven sent to me,
To snatch me from the drunkard's curse, grin, want and misery;
My wages all were spent in drink; oh! what a wretched view;
I almost broke my Mary's heart, and starved my children, too.

What was my home or wife to me? I heeded not her sigh;
Her patient smile has welcomed me when tears bedimmed her eye;
My children too have oft awoke; "oh! father, dear," they've said,
Poor mother has been weeping so because we've had no bread.

My Mary's form did waste away—I saw her sunken eye—
On straw my babes in sickness laid—I heard their wailing cry;
I laughed and sung in drunken joy, while Mary's tears did stream,
Then like a beast I fell asleep—and had this warning dream:

I thought once more I stagger'd home; there seemed a solemn gloom;
I missed my wife, where can she be? and strangers in the room.
I heard them say, "Poor thing, she's dead, she led a wretched life,
Grief and want have broken her heart; who'd be a drunkard's wife?"

I saw my children weeping round; I scarcely drew my breath.
They called and kissed her lifeless form, forever stilled in death.
"Oh! father, come and wake her up, the people say she's dead,
Oh! make her smile, and speak once more, we'll never cry for bread."

"She is not dead," I frantic cried, and rushed to where she lay,
And madly kiss'd her once warm lips, forever cold as clay;
"Oh! Mary speak one word to me, no more I'll cause you pain,
No more I'll grieve your loving heart, nor ever drink again."

"Dear Mary speak, 'tis Dermot calls!" "Why, so I do!" she cried;
I woke, and true, my Mary dear was kneeling by my side;
I press'd her to my throbbing heart, while joyous tears did stream,
And ever since I've heaven bless'd for sending me that dream.

[In our next number we shall publish the sequel to the above song, entitled, "The Wife's Dream."—Ed.]

Hang Up Your Hat Behind the Door.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

felt sick and tired of a bachelor's life,
And so I began to look out for a wife;
The young ones were giddy, and so I confess'd
That a nice little widow would suit me the best;
One day, at a grocer's shop chancing to call,
With the Missis, a widow, in love I did fall,
She was fat, fair and forty, well dress'd, and all that,
Thinks I, here's the place where I'll hang up my hat.

SPOKEN—But little did I think she'd make use of the very same words and say—

CHORUS.

Hang up your hat behind the door that leads into the shop,
Make yourself at home, John, as if you meant to stop;
Nobody comes in the parlor, so don't uneasy be—
Sit at your ease, so long as you please, for the place belongs to me.

Her age, as I've said, was a couple of score,
And my years would number a half dozen more,
So I made up my mind to win her I'd try,
And called every evening some trifle to buy;
But one day she begged that I longer would stop,
And step in the room at the back of the shop,
I did, but so shy, continued to stand,
All the while I was twirling my hat in my hand.

SPOKEN—I suppose that was why she said—*Chorus.*

Well, we started on every-day topics, and soon,
Although over forty, we found we could spoon,
For she laid her head on my manly chest,
And, of course, I said everything just for the best;
I proposed—was accepted—and she, in return,
Said, "the shop that I keep is a paying concern,
And when we are wed, or even before,
I'll alter the name painted over the door."—*Chorus.*

THE TAM O'SHANTER HAT.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

My pretty Jane! a watch and chain,
A bracelet or a ring,
I'll buy for you; said Jane, "you'd do
A very foolish thing,
Don't be so rash, but let your cash
Be better spent than that,
Buy me, young man! a Tam O'Shan-
A Tam O'Shanter hat."

CHORUS.

She wears a Tam O'Shanter and a Jersey, too,
With booties on her tootsies, very bright and new;
And very fetching stockings, of a navy blue,
To help the Tam O'Shanter and the Jersey, too.

Her dress, I guess, don't cost her less
Than hundred's ev'ry year,
Or rather me, because, says she,
"I'll let you pay, my dear;"
And I do pay, for ev'ry day
She buys and I am sold;
But bless her heart, she looks so smart,
She's worth her weight in gold.—*Chorus.*

Miss This, and That, survey the hat,
And toss their heads and sneer,
"Oh, what a sight! she is a fright!
Now, don't you think so, dear?"
But well they know it is not so,
They're jealous—ev'ry one—
They know she's queen when she is seen,
They're stars, but she's the sun.—*Chorus.*

She's to be mine, her form's divine,
As all the world can see;
Her loveliness, and her tight dress,
Have quite enchanted me;
With waist encased, in charming taste,
The ladies now are seen,
Like old Jack Sprat, they cry, no fat,
Who used to crinoline.—*Chorus.*

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING!

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Spring! Spring! gentle Spring!
Youngest season of the year,
Hither haste and with thee bring
April with her smile and tears;
Hand in hand with jocund May,
Bent on keeping holiday;
With the daisy diadem,
And thy robe of brightest green,
We will welcome thee and them,
As you've ever welcomed been.
Spring! Spring! gentle Spring!
Youngest season of the year,
Life and joy to nature bring,
Nature's darling, haste thee here.

Spring! Spring! gentle Spring!
Gusty March before thee flies,
Gloomy Winter banishing,
Clearing for thy path the skies;
Flocks and herds, and meads, and bowers,
For thy gracious presence long;
Come and fill the fields with flowers,
Come and fill the groves with song,
Make the orchards white with bloom,
Bid the hawthorn breathe perfume.
Spring! Spring! gentle Spring!
Youngest season of the year,
Life and joy to nature bring,
Nature's darling, haste thee here.

—The Rev. S. F. Smith, who wrote: "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," is still living in Newton, Mass. He says he wrote the verses on a scrap of waste paper, one dismal day in February, 1832, while at Andover Seminary, and "had no intention nor ambition to create anything that should have a national reputation."—*The People's Fireside Journal*, April, 1881.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN.

A Recitation.—By Samuel Lover.

Just after the war, in the year '98,
 As soon as the boys wor all scattered and bate,
 'Twas the custom, whenever a peasant was got,
 To hang him by thral—barrin' sich as was shot.
 There was trial by jury goin' on by daylight,
 And the martial-law hangin' the lavins by night;
 It's them was hard times for an honest gosssoon,
 If he missed in the judges—he'd meet a dragoon;
 An' whether the sodgers or judges gev sentence,
 The divil a much time they allowed for repentance;
 An' it's many's the fine boy was then on his keepin',
 Wad small share iv restin', or altin', or sleepin'.
 An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it,
 A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet.
 Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day,
 With the heath for their barracks, revenge for their pay;
 An' the bravest an' hardest boy iv them all
 Was Shamus O'Brien, from the town of Tillingall.
 His limbs were well set, an' his body was light,
 And the keen-fanged hound had not teeth half so white;
 But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,
 An' his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red;
 An' for all that he was an ugly young b'y,
 For the divil himself couldn't blaze with his eye,
 Soldrol an' so wicked, so dark an' so bright,
 Like a fire flash that crossed the depths of the night:
 An' he was the best mower that has ever been,
 An' the illigantest hurler that ever was seen,
 An' his dancin' was sich that the men used to stare,
 An' the women turn crazy, he done it so quare,
 An' by gorra, the whole world giv it into him there,
 An' it's he was the b'y that was hard to be caught,
 An' it's often he run, and it's often he fought,
 An' it's many the one can remember right well
 The quare things he done: and it's oft I heard tell
 How he lathered the yeomen, himself agin' four,
 An' stretched the two strongest on old Galtimore,
 But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must rest,
 An' treachery prey on the blood iv the best:
 After many a brave action of power and pride,
 An' many a hard night on the mountain's bleak side,
 An' a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,
 In the darkness of night he was taken at last.
 Now, Shamus, look back on the beautiful moon,
 For the door of the prison must close on you soon,
 An' take your last look at her dim lovely light,
 That falls on the mountain and valley this night;
 One look at the village, one look at the flood,
 An' one at the sheltering, far distant wood;
 Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill;
 An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still;
 Farewell to the pattrn, the hurlin' an' wake,
 An' farewell to the girl that would die for your sake,
 An' twelve sodgers brought him to Maryborough jail,
 An' the turnkey resaved him, refusin' all bail:
 The fleet limbs wor chained, an' the strong hands wor bonud,
 An' he laid down his length on the cowlid prison ground;
 An' the dreams of his childhood came over him there
 As gentle an' soft as the sweet Summer air;
 An' happy remembrances crowding on ever,
 As fast as the foam-flakes dhrift down on the river,
 Bringing fresh to his heart merry days long gone by,
 Till the tears gathered heavy and thick in his eye.
 But the tears didn't fall, for the pride of his heart
 Would not suffer one drop down his pale cheek to start;
 An' he sprung to his feet in his dark prison cave,
 An' swore with the fierceness that misery gave,
 By the hopes of the good, an' the cause of the brave,
 That when he was mouldering in the cold grave
 His enemies should never have it to boast
 His scorn of their vengeance one moment was lost;
 His bosom might bleed, but his cheek would be dhry;
 For undaunted he lived, and undaunted he'd die.
 Well, as soon as a few weeks were over and gone,
 The terrible day of the thral kem on;
 There was sich a crowd there was scarce room to stand,
 An' sodgers on guard, and dhragoons sword-in-hand;
 An' the court-house so full that the people were bothered,
 An' attorneys an' erlers on the point iv beh' smothered;
 An' counsellors almost gev over for dead,
 An' the jury sittin' up in their box overhead:

An' the judge settled out so detarmined and big,
 With his gown on his back, and an illegant new wig;
 An' silence was called, an' the minute it was said,
 The court was as still as the heart of the dead,
 An' they heard but the openin' of one prison lock.
 An' Shamus O'Brien came into the dock.
 For one minute he turned his eye 'round on the throng,
 An' he looked at the bars so firm and strong,
 An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend.
 A chance to escape, nor a word to defend;
 An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,
 As calm an' as cold as a statue of stone;
 An' they read a big writin', a yard long at last,
 An' Jim didn't understand it, or mind it a taste,
 An' the judge took a big pinch iv snuff, and he says,
 "Are you gully or not, Jim O'Brien, av you please?"
 An' all held their breath in the silence of dhread,
 And Shamus O'Brien made answer and said:
 "My lord, if you ask me if in my life-time
 I thought any treason, or did any crime
 That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,
 The hot blush of shame or coldness of fear,
 Though I stood by the grave to receive my death-blow,
 Before God and the world I would answer you, no!
 But if you would ask me, as I think it like,
 If in the rebellion I carried a pike,
 An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to the close,
 An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes,
 I answer you, yes, and I tell you again,
 Though I stand here to perish, its my glory that then
 In her cause I was willing that my veins should run dry,
 An' now for her sake I am ready to die."
 Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright,
 An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light:
 By my sowl, it's himself was the crabbed ould chap!
 In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap.
 Then Shamus' mother in the crowd standin' by,
 Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry:
 "O, judge, darlin', don't, O, don't say the word!
 The craflur is young, have mercy, my lord,
 He was foolish, he didn't know what he was doin';
 You don't know him, my lord—O, don't give him to ruin;
 He's the kindest crathur, the tendherest-hearted,
 Don't part us forever, we that's so long parted.
 Judge, mayourneen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord;
 An' God will forgive you—O, don't say the word!"
 That was the first minute that O'Brien was shaken,
 When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken;
 An' down his pale cheeks, at the words of his mother,
 The big tears wor rumblin' fast, one after th' other;
 An' two or three times he endeavored to spake,
 But the strong manly voice used to falther and break;
 But at last by the strength of his high mounted pride,
 He conquered and mastered his grief's swelling tide:
 "An'," said he, "mother, darlin', don't break your poor heart,
 For, sooner or later, the dearest must part;
 An' God knows it's better than wandering in fear
 On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the wild deer
 To lie in the grave, where the head, heart and breast,
 From thought, labor, and sorrow, forever shall rest.
 Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more,
 Don't make me seem broken in this, my last hour;
 For I wish, when my head's lying under the raven,
 No true man can say I died like a craven!"
 Then towards the judge Shamus bent down his head,
 An' that minute the solemn death-sentence was said.
 The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,
 An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky;
 But why are the men standin' idle so late?
 An' why do the crowds gather so fast in the strate?
 What come they to talk of? What come they to see?
 An' why does the long rope hang from the tree?
 O, Shamus O'Brien! pray fervent and fast,
 May the suns take your soul, for this day is your last;
 Pray fast an' pray strong, for the moment is ulgh
 When, strong, proud an' great as you are, you must die.
 An' faster an' faster, the crowd gathered there,
 Boys, horses an' gingerbread, just like a fair;
 An' whiskey was sellin', and cussamuck, too,
 An' ould men and young women enjoying the view,
 An' ould Tim Mulvany, he med the remark,
 There wasn't sich a sight since the time of Noah's ark;
 An' hogorry 'twas thrue for him, for divil such a scene,
 Sich divarshin an' crowds, was known since the deluge;
 For thousands were gathered there, if there was one,

Waitin' till sich time as the hangin' id come on.
 At last they threw open the big prison gate,
 An' out came the sheriffs an' sodgers in state,
 An' a cart in the middle, an' Shamus was in it,
 Not paler, but prouder than ever that minute.
 An' as soon as the people saw Shamus O'Brien,
 Wid prayin' an' blessin', and all the girls cryin',
 A wild, wailin' sound kem on by degrees,
 Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through trees.
 On—on the gallows the sheriffs are gone,
 An' the cart an' the sodgers go steadily on;
 An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,
 A wild, sorrowful sound that id open your heart;
 Now undher the gallows the cart takes its stand,
 An' the hangman gets up wid the rope in his hand;
 An' the priest havin' blessed, goes down on the ground,
 An' Shamus O'Brien throws one last look around.
 Then the hangman dhrew near, an' the people grew still,
 Young faces turned sickly, and warm hearts turned chill;
 An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,
 For the gripe iv the life-strangling cord to prepare;
 An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last prayer.
 But the good priest done more, for his hands he unbound,
 And with one daring spring Jim has leaped on the ground;
 Bang—bang! go the carbines, and clash! go the sabers!
 He's not down! he's alive still! now stand to him, neighbors,
 Through the smoke and the horses he's into the crowd,
 By the heaven's he's free!—then thunder, more loud,
 By one shout from the people the heavens are shaken,
 One shout from the world that the dead might awaken.
 The sodgers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that,
 An' Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat;
 To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe Glin,
 And the devils in the dice if you catch him ag'in.
 Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,
 But if you want hangin', its yourself you must hang.
 He has mounted his horse, and soon he will be
 In America, darlint, the land of the free.

PATRICK, MIND THE BABY.

Copyright, 1876, by E. H. Harding.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

The father of a bouncing girl
 I was, when twelve months wed;
 A credit to the neighborhood,
 She'd cheeks like cherries red.
 And when from labor I came home,
 Toward the close of day,
 Me wife put Nelly in me arms,
 And this to me did say:

CHORUS.

Arrah, Patrick, mind the baby;
 Arrah, Patrick, mind the child;
 Tie it up in an overcoat,
 She's surely going wild.
 Arrah, Patrick, mind the baby,
 Just ye mind the child awhile,
 She'll kick, and bite, and cry all night—
 Arrah, Patrick, mind the child.

Soothing syrup and castor oil,
 And paregoric, too,
 We gave the child, when she had fits,
 But could not bring her to;
 She'd mustard plasters on her feet,
 And would drink big bowls of tay,
 And they'd lay her in me arms,
 And this to me would say:—*Chorus.*

But when our Nelly a lady grew,
 I'd no control at all,
 She'd say, I am no baby now,
 And waltz off to a ball.
 Bad luck to joy, there came a boy
 On last St. Patrick's day;
 Me wife put Patsey in me arms,
 And this to me did say:—*Chorus.*

—He sang: "Live in My Heart and Pay No Rent!" She told him "To Let" up.

Going to the Hop this Evening?

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Down at Long Branch, where the splash of the waves
 Like music sweet falls on the ear;
 To the shore by the sea, in Summer time go,
 'Mong the young folks these words you will hear:

CHORUS.

Are you going to the hop this evening?
 Not this evening, not this evening;
 Did you say that you'd not go this evening?
 Not this evening; good evening, good evening.

Memory oft wanders to scenes at the sea-side,
 And fancies oft funny thoughts weave.
 Again I hear some familiar voice ask:
 Are you going to the hop, dear, this eve?—*Chorus.*

If you've been parted from friends and some dear ones,
 And the meeting, the first one in tear,
 Takes place at the sea-shore, don't be disappointed
 If these are the first words you hear:—*Chorus.*

'Way Down Upon the Suanee Ribber.

Composed by Stephen C. Foster.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

'Way down upon de Suanee ribber,
 Far, far away,
 Dar's wha my heart is turning ebber,
 Dar's wha de old folks stay.
 All up and down de whole creation
 Sadly I roam,
 Still longing for de old plantation,
 And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS.

All de world am sad and dreary,
 Eb'ry where I roam,
 Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary,
 Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wander'd,
 When I was young;
 Den many happy days I squander'd—
 Many de songs I sung.
 When I was playing wid my brudder,
 Happy was I;
 Oh, take me to my kind old mudder—
 Dar let me live and die.—*Chorus.*

One little hut among de bushes—
 One dat I love—
 Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
 No matter where I rove.
 When will I see de bees a-humming
 All round de comb?
 When will I hear de banjo tumming
 Down in my good old home?—*Chorus.*

Let Erin Remember the Days of Old.

Let Erin remember the days of old,
 Ere her faithless sons betrayed her,
 When Malachi wore the collar of gold
 Which he won from her proud invader;
 When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
 Led the Red Branch Knights to danger,
 Ere the emerald gem of the western world
 Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,
 When the clear cold eve's declining,
 He sees the round towers of other days
 In the wave beneath him shining!
 Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
 Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
 Thus, sighing, look thro' the waves of time
 For the long-faded glories they cover.

THE COLORED HOP.

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Song and Chorus, 35 cents. Song, with Orchestra Parts, 50 cents.

Published by permission of J. W. Pepper, Publisher of Band and Orchestra Music, Songs for the Stage, &c., S. E. cor. Ninth and Filbert Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. Catalogues Free.

De colored folks will give a hop
 At Jane Eliza Brown's,
 It's gwine to be a grand affair;
 De finest darks in town
 Will all be dere, dressed in deir best,
 To join us in de dance.
 You know what shines de coons do cut
 When dey commence to dance.

CHORUS.

Ev'rything will be so gay
 As we darkies dance away,
 De piccolo will sound so sweetly,
 Played by old John Toppy;
 Yellow gals will all be dar,
 Looking handsome, sweet and fair,
 What a glorious time we'll have
 Down to de colored hop.

De gents will hab on toothpick coats,
 With button-hole bouquets;
 Deir patent leathers will look bright,
 De place will be a-blaze.
 With decorations on de wall,
 And flowers overhead,
 I know it will look very nice,
 As round and round we-tread.—*Chorus.*

At twelve o'clock de gong will sound,
 We'll go down stairs and eat;
 De table will be filled
 With every thing dat's rich and sweet.
 De puddings will be dealt out by
 Miss Dinah, Suse, and Nance;
 And when de supper's over
 We'll go up-stairs and dance.—*Chorus.*

JOE BOWERS.

My name is Joe Bowers; I've got a brother Ike;
 I came from old Missouri, all the way from Pike;
 I'll tell you why I left thar, and why I came to roam,
 And leave my poor old mammy so far away from home:

I used to court a gal thar, her name was Sally Black,
 I axed her if she'd marry me, she said it was a whack;
 Says she to me, Joe Bowers, before we hitch for life,
 You ought to get a little home to keep your little wife.

Oh, Sally, dearest Sally; oh, Sally, for your sake
 I'll go to California, and try to raise a stake;
 Says she to me, Joe Bowers, you are the man to win;
 Here's a kiss to bind the bargain, and she hove a dozen in.

When I got in that country, I hadn't "nary red,"
 I had such woolfish feelings, I wished myself most dead;
 But the thoughts of my dear Sally soon made them feelins git,
 And whispered hopes to Bowers, I wish I 'em yit.

At length I went to mining, put in my biggest licks,
 Went down upon the boulders just like a thousand bricks;
 I worked both late and early, in rain, in sun, in snow—
 I was working for my Sally; 'twas all the same to Joe.

At length I got a letter from my dear brother Ike—
 It came from old Missouri, all the way from Pike;
 It brought to me the darndest news that ever you did hear—
 My heart is almost bustin', so pray excuse this tear.

It said that Sal was false to me, her love for me had fled,
 She'd got married to a butcher—the butcher's hair was red;
 And more than that the letter said—it's enough to make me swear—
 That Sally had a baby; the baby had red hair.

Now I've told you all about this sad affair,
 'Bout Sally marrying a butcher—that butcher with red hair.
 But whether 'twas a boy or gal child, the letter never said,
 It only said the baby's hair was inclined to be red.

DOWN IN A COAL MINE.

Sung by Tony Pastor.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

I am a jovial collier lad,
 And blithe as blithe can be,
 For let the times be good or bad
 They're all the same to me;
 'Tis little of the world I know
 And care less for its ways,
 For where the dog-star never glows
 I wear away my days.

CHORUS.

Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground,
 Where a gleam of sunshine never can be found;
 Digging dusky diamonds all the season round,
 Down in a coal mine, underneath the ground.

My hands are horny hard,
 And black with working in the vein,
 And like the clothes upon my back
 My speech is rough and plain;
 Well, if I stumble with my tongue
 I've one excuse to say,
 'Tis not the collier's heart that's wrong,
 'Tis the head that goes astray.—*Chorus.*

At every shift, be it soon or late,
 I haste my bread to earn,
 And anxiously my kindred wait
 And watch for my return;
 For death that levels all alike,
 Whate'er their rank may be,
 Amid the fire and damp may strike
 And fling his darts at me.—*Chorus.*

How little do the great ones care
 Who sit at home secure,
 What hidden dangers colliers dare,
 What hardships they endure;
 The very fires their mansions boast,
 To cheer themselves and wives,
 Mayhap were kindled at the cost
 Of jovial colliers' lives.—*Chorus.*

Then cheer up lads, and make ye
 Much of every joy ye can;
 But let your mirth be always such
 As best becomes a man;
 However fortune turns about
 We'll still be jovial souls,
 For what would America be
 Without the lads that look for coals.—*Chorus.*

MY PRETTY JANE.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

My pretty Jane; my pretty Jane,
 Ah, never, never look so shy,
 But meet me, meet me in the evening,
 When the bloom is on the rye.
 The Spring is waning fast, my love,
 The corn is in the ear,
 The Summer nights are coming, love,
 The moon shines bright and clear.
 Then pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
 Ah, never look so shy,
 But meet me, meet me in the evening,
 When the bloom is on the rye.

But name the day, the wedding day,
 And I will buy the ring,
 The lads and maids in favors white,
 And village bells, the village bells shall ring.
 The Spring is waning fast, my love,
 The corn is in the ear,
 The Summer nights are coming, love,
 The moon shines bright and clear.
 Then pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
 Ah, never look so shy,
 But meet me, meet me in the evening,
 When the bloom is on the rye.

The Charge of the Light Brigade.

A Recitation—By Alfred Tennyson.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
"Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldiers knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
In the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd;
Plunged in the battery-smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke,
Shatter'd and sunder'd,
Then they rode back—but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell;
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade!
Noble six hundred!

The Blue Bells of Scotland.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 12 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

Oh where, and oh where is your Highland laddie gone?
Oh where, and oh where is your Highland laddie gone?
He's gone to fight the French, for King George upon the throne.

And it's oh! in my heart I wish him safe at home.
He's gone to fight the French, for King George upon the throne;
And it's oh! in my heart, I wish him safe at home.

Oh where, and oh where did your Highland laddie dwell?
He dwelt in merry Scotland, at the sign of the Blue Bell;
And it's oh! in my heart I love my laddie well.

In what clothes, in what clothes, is your Highland laddie clad?
His bonnet's of the Saxon green, and his waistcoat of a plaid;
And it's oh! in my heart I love my Highland lad.

Suppose, and suppose, that your Highland lad should die?
That bagpipes should play o'er him, and I'd sit me down and cry;
And it's oh! in my heart, I wish he may not die.

MOONLIGHT AT KILLARNEY

Copyright, 1880, by T. B. Harms & Co.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

The moon was shining on the lake,
The stars shone from above;
Gazing on the water,
My heart was filled with love.
There I met my darling,
Whose eyes with joy did beam,
As gently I spoke to her
Of young love's sweetest dream.

CHORUS.

Moonlight at Killarney,
While stars shone from above;
Oh, what bliss! a loving kiss
From hearts that beat with love.
Oh! moonlight at Killarney,
While stars shone from above;
Oh, what bliss! a loving kiss
From hearts that beat with love.

'Tis by the margin of the lake,
Battles have been won;
Not by spear or sword,
But by blarney of the tongue.
She I know believed me,
As stars shone from above;
She gently smiled upon me,
While whispering words of love.—Chorus.

MOTHER WOULD COMFORT ME.

Words and Music by Charles Carroll Sawyer.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Wounded and sorrowful, far from my home,
Sick among strangers, uncared for, unknown;
Even the birds that used sweetly to sing,
Are silent, and swiftly have taken the wing.
No one but mother can cheer me to-day;
No one for me could so fervently pray;
None to console me, no kind friend is near;
Mother would comfort me if she were here.

CHORUS.

Gently her hand o'er my forehead she'd press,
Trying to free me from pain and distress;
Kindly she'd say to me, "Be of good cheer;
Mother will comfort you—mother is here."

If she were with me, I soon would forget
My pain and my sorrow—no more would I fret;
One kiss from her lips, or one look from her eye,
Would make me contented, and willing to die.
Gently her hand o'er my forehead she'd press,
Trying to free me from pain and distress;
Kindly she'd say to me, "Be of good cheer;
Mother will comfort you—mother is here!"—Chorus.

Cheerfully, faithfully, mother would stay,
Always beside me, by night and by day;
If I should murmur or wish to complain,
Her gentle voice would soon calm me again.
Sweetly a mother's love shines like a star,
Brightest in darkness, when daylight's afar;
In clouds or in sunshine, pleasure or pain,
Mother's affection is ever the same.—Chorus.

Oh! Breathe Not His Name.

Oh! breathe not his name—let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid!
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!

But the night-dew that falls, tho' in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, tho' in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

MISS

PAG

SING

GE (S)

BETSY UND I HAFE BUST UB.

Parody on "Betsy and I are out."—Recited by J. S. Burdett.

Draw oud der bapers, lawyer,
 Und magke dhem awful blain,
 So dot ve don'd kin hafe to spell dot out,
 Und wride dot offer again.
 Und shiling dot ing oud awful dhiick,
 Und fill der baper ub;
 'Cause dthings at home vas inside owat,
 Und Betsy und I hafe bust ub.
 Vats der matter, dot's vot I don'd kin dell.
 Efer since dot ve vas only vone
 Ve got 'long puddy vell.
 I gife her eferydthing dot she vants,
 Und I dry to do vat's rightd;
 But of I vant to life mit dot olt
 Voman, I hafe got to learn how to fight.
 So I hafe chined mit Betsy,
 Und Betsy hafe chined mit me:
 Und ye hafe bod made ub our minds
 Dot ve kin neffer agree.
 She says dot I better imigrate,
 Vell, I dthink myselve dot's besd;
 So I back ub my Saratoga
 Und go mit der Mormons oud Vest.
 Der first dthing I remember about
 Dot ve had a shiew,
 'Twas, she vanted to go to a bicuic,
 Und I didn't vant her to.
 Id vas vone of dhose brewery bicnies,
 Where I myselve had been before,
 Und where eferybody got so organized
 Dot they couldn't god drunk any more.
 Und der nexd dthing I remember about
 'Twas ven she proke my lager stein
 Dot I had mit me for many years,
 Und brought from Oberlein Stein.
 I dolt Betsey dot she vas clumsy.
 Dot she did nod do vat vas rightd.
 So helb me graelous, lawyer, she bead me
 Mit dot glub till I vas as black as plue as white!
 So draw oud der bapers, lawyer,
 Und magke dem big und tall,
 Dot oud of eferydthing dot I hafe got
 She can't hafe any ad all.
 For I hafe vorked for id hard myselve
 For mony und mony a year,
 Und efery cend dat olt voman can freeze to
 She gone shpend for lager bier.
 Bud dhere vas dwo or dhree five cend pieces
 Dot I managed to pud avay,
 Dot vos down in der Union Drnsd Co.,
 Bud I don'd pelieve dot'll bay.
 Put on der bapers, lawyer,
 Dot oud of dhose fife or dhree,
 Eff she kin got dhem I gif her half—
 Dere ain'd noden mean about me.
 Und vonce ven I had der jim-jams
 She nefer vould come to der bed,
 Und I vas seein' shnagkes und kiddencads,
 Und I didn'd know vat I said;
 Und vhenefer she'd come to mofe me
 She'd handle me awful rough,
 Und vhenefer she'd gife me dot boregaric,
 Id vas always der wrong stuff.
 So draw oud der bapers, lawyer,
 Und I'll go straight avay,
 Und dell dot old voman off mine
 Shust vot dhose bapers say.
 Bud I don'd gomblain of Betsey
 Of she'd only quiet down,
 For ven she got her mad ub
 She gould glean oud all der town.
 Und dhere is vone dthing more I can vish her,
 Is dot she keeb away from me;
 Und of efer she got anudder husband,
 Dot he vas so shtrong like she—
 Und if I kin be his neighbor-in-law,
 Und hear der rows dot dhey kick ub,
 I'll invide him oud, und dell him how
 Dot Betsey und I hafe bust ub.

—A dull clergyman said to the boys in the gallery, "Don't make so much noise, for you will awake your parents below."

TORPEDO AND THE WHALE.

As sung in the comic opera of "Billee Taylor."

The complete words and music of "Billee Taylor" sent to any address, on receipt of 75 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

In the North Sea liv'd a whale!
 In the North Sea liv'd a whale!
 In the North Sea liv'd a whale!
 Big in bone and large in tail,
 Big in bone and large in tail, oh!
 This whale used unduly
 To swagger and bully,
 And oh! and oh!
 The ladies loved him so!
 This whale used unduly
 To swagger and bully,
 And oh! and oh!
 The ladies loved him so!

All went well until one day,
 All went well until one day,
 All went well until one day,
 Came a strange fish in the bay,
 Came a strange fish in the bay, ah!
 This fish was indeed, oh!
 A Woolwich torpedo!
 But oh! but oh!
 The big whale did not know,
 This fish was indeed, oh!
 A Woolwich torpedo!
 But oh! but oh!
 The big whale did not know.

"Just you make tracks," cri'd the whale,
 "Just you make tracks," cri'd the whale,
 "Just you make tracks," cri'd the whale,
 Then he lash'd out with his tail,
 Then he lash'd out with his tail, oh!
 The fish being loaded
 Then and there exploded,
 And oh! and oh!
 That whale was seen no mo'
 The fish being loaded
 Then and there exploded,
 And oh! and oh!
 That whale was seen no mo'!

PATTER OF DER SHINGLES.

A Comic Recitation—Recited by Gus Williams.

Vhen der angry passion gadding in my mudder's face I see,
 Und she leads me in der bedroom, shendly lays me on her knee,
 Den I know dot I vill catch it, und my flesh in fancy itches
 As I liden for der patter of der shingle on my breeches.

Efery tingle of der shingle has an echo and a shiding,
 Und a dousand burning fancies indo active being spring,
 Und a dousand bees und horneds 'nead my coad-dill seem to sewarm,
 As I feel der patter of der shingle, oh, zo varm.

In a shplutter comes mine fadder—vhom I subbosd had gone—
 Do survey de skiduvation, und dell her to lay it on,
 Do see her bending o'er me as I liden do der strain
 Blayed by her und by der shingle in a vild und veird refrain.

In a sudden indermission, vich appears my only sclance,
 I say, "Shtrike shendly, mudder, or you'll shplitt mine Sunday bants!"
 She shtops a moment, draws her breath, der shingle holds aloft,
 Und says, "I had nod dought of dot—mine son, shust dake dem off."

Oh, lofing, tender mercy, cast dhy pitying glances down,
 Und dhou, oh, vamily doedor, pud a good, soft bouldice on:
 Und may I mit vools und dunces afterward gommingle
 If I effer say anudder vord ven my mudder vields der shingle.

—"Now, Rose," said he in his most endearing tones, "you are the morning glory of my hope, the noonday blossom of my affection; will you not be the evening star of my realization?"
 "Oh, Charles, your language is beautiful, but—" and she took a suspicious sniff of his whiskey breath, "I am afraid you would be the deadly nightshade of my existence. Buy a blue ribbon and I'll talk with you."

THE WIFE'S DREAM.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Pray tell me, Mary, how it is that you can look so gay,
When, evening after evening, your husband is away?
I never see you sulk about, nor say an angry word,
But still you've plenty cause for tears, if all be true I've heard.

It is because, my sister dear, a husband you ne'er wed;
To see your children gathering round asking you for bread,
You ne'er can tell how it becomes a woman's lot through life,
To be, e'en to a drunkard's life, a faithful, loving wife.

But still I can recall the time when bitter tears I shed,
And when my husband staggered home, what angry words I said.
I never thought I could be so cheerful as now I seem,
Yet this happy change was brought about by a simple little dream.

One eve as I sat waiting at our humble little cottage door,
And listening for my husband's steps, as oft I've done before,
Some wicked thoughts came in my head, and bitterly I said—
I never wished to see him more, I would that he were dead.

They say the wretched cannot rest, but sure it is not so,
For very soon I fell asleep 'midst cares of grief and woe;
I dreamt I had my wish fulfilled, my husband was no more,
I fell upon his lifeless corpse, and kissed him o'er and o'er.

Dearest darling, speak to me, I meant not what I said,
O speak once more unto your wife, say, say you are not dead.
O sure I am not, Mary dear. I woke up with a scream,
And found my husband standing by—his death was but a dream.

Ever since that time, when I feel disposed to be unkind,
The warning of that fearful dream comes fresh into my mind;
Although it cost me many a pang to know the life he leads,
I strive to greet him with a smile when oft my poor heart bleeds.

I'll humbly put my trust in God, and ask for strength to bear
The trials he has sent on earth for all of us to share;
And if, by patience, I should change my husband's wandering life,
He'll bless the hour that dream was sent to his neglected wife.

THE OLD MOUNTAIN TREE.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Oh! the home we loved by the boundless deep,
Where the hills in glory stood,
And the moss-grown graves where our fathers sleep
'Neath the boughs of the waving wood;
We remember yet with a fond regret
For the rock and flowery lea,
Where we once used to play thro' the long, long day,
In the shade of the old mountain tree.

Oh! the time went by like a tale that's told
In a land of song and mirth,
And many a form in the churchyard cold,
Finds rest from the cares of the earth;
And many a day will wander away,
O'er the waves of the western sea,
And the heart will pine, and vainly pray
For the grave by the old mountain tree.

We are pilgrims now in a stranger land,
And the joys of youth are pass'd,
Kind friends are gone, but the old tree stands
Unharm'd by the warring blast;
Oh! the lark may sing in the clouds of Spring,
And the swan on the silver sea,
But we mourn for the shade where the wild bird made
Her nest in the old mountain tree.

—Just at the time when all Europe is astir with the news of martial movements in the regency of Tunis, it is curious to read an appeal from the Rev. E. H. Shepherd, the acting English chaplain in Tunis, for contributions toward the erection in the church of St. Augustine there of a memorial window to Howard Payne, the author of the simple ballad of "Home, Sweet Home," who is buried in the protestant cemetery of the town. The memorial will cost about £25.

BLUE ALSATIAN MOUNTAINS.

Sung by Carnecross' Minstrels.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

By the blue Alsatian mountains
Dwelt a maiden young and fair;
Like the careless flowing fountains
Were the ripples of her hair,
Were the ripples of her hair.
Angel-mild her eyes so winning,
Angel-bright her happy smile,
When beneath the fountains spinning
You could hear her song the while,
Ade, Ade, Ade,
Such songs will pass away,
Tho' the blue Alsatian mountains
Seem to watch and wait away.

CHORUS.

Ade, Ade, Ade,
Such songs will pass away,
Tho' the blue Alsatian mountains
Seem to watch and wait away.

By the blue Alsatian mountains,
Came a stranger in the Spring,
And he lingered by the fountains,
Just to hear the maiden sing,
Just to hear the maiden sing.
Just to whisper in the moonlight,
Words the sweetest she had known,
Just to charm away the hours,
Till her heart was all his own.
Ade, Ade, Ade,
Such dreams must pass away.
But the blue Alsatian mountains
Seem to watch and wait away.—Chorus.

By the blue Alsatian mountains,
Many Spring-times bloom'd and pass'd,
And the maiden by the fountains,
Saw she lost her hopes at last,
She lost her hopes, hopes at last.
And she withered like a flower
That is waiting for the rain;
She will never see the stranger,
Where the fountains fall again.
Ade, Ade, Ade,
The years have passed away,
But the blue Alsatian mountains
Seem to watch and wait away.—Chorus.

THE DEAR IRISH BOY.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

My Conner, his cheeks are as ruddy as morning,
The brightest of pearls do but mimic his teeth,
While nature with ringlets mild brow adorning,
His hair Cupid's bow strings, and roses his breath.

CHORUS.

Smiling, beguiling, cheering, endearing,
Together how oft o'er the mountain we strayed,
By each other delighted and fondly united,
I have listened all day to my dear Irish boy.

No roebuck more swift could fly over the mountain,
No veteran bolder danger or scars,
He's sightly, he's sprightly, he's clear as the fountain,
His eyes twinkle love, oh! he's gone to the wars.—Chorus.

The soft, tuneful lark, his notes change to mourning,
The dark, screaming owl impedes my night's sleep,
While lonely I walk in the shade of the evening,
Till my Conner's return I will ne'er cease to weep.—Chorus.

The war being over, and he not returned,
I fear that some dark, envious plot has been laid,
Or that some cruel goddess has him captivated,
And left here to mourn his dear Irish maid.—Chorus.

OLD BROWN PANTS.

Tune—"Granny's Old Arm Chair."

The Sheet Music suitable for this Song can be had of Henry J. Wehman, No. 50 Chatham Street, New York. Price cents.

My grandfather, he, at the age of eighty-three,
One day he took a notion he would die;
And after he was dead, of course the will was read,
By a lawyer as we all were passing by;
Unto my brother Bill, he left an old saw mill,
To my sister he bequeathed our gray mare, Nance;
But when it came to me, the lawyer then said, 'he
Has left to you his old brown pants.

CHORUS.

But how they giggled, how they yelled;
Even my sister, my dear Isabel,
Gave me the laugh when'er she had the chance,
When grandpa only left to me his old brown pants.

My brother Bill one day, just to pass the time away,
In the river, why he thought he'd take a swim;
When a stray goat showed his nose, and he eat up poor Bill's clothes,
It was Summer, and his garments they were thin;
Now Bill he kicked and swore, when he couldn't leave the shore,
And I saw his situation at a glance;
I give one laugh and yell, I said now brother Bill,
Don't you wish you had the old brown pants?—*Chorus.*

IN DE LOW LANDS, LOW.

Written by Edward Harrigan.

When our daily work am done,
In de low lands, low,
Dat's de time we hab our fun,
In de low lands, low.
When old massa blows dat horn,
In de low lands, low,
Picking cotton, cotton picking,
In de low lands, low.

CHORUS.

Cotton picking, picking cotton,
In de low lands, low,
Den ole yellow he am done,
In de low lands, low.

Come with me, my own true love,
Hi, ho, my lady,
I'll treat you like a turtle dove,
Hi, ho, my lady fair;
Shoot de possum in his track,
Hi, ho, my lady,
Take de cotton on your back,
Hi, ho, my lady fair.—*Chorus.*

She is Far from the Land.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are around her sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying!

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwin'd him,
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow!

—George Leybourne, England's great comic singer, who died in London recently, received as much as five hundred dollars per night for singing in music and concert halls.

Garden Where the Praties Grow.

As sung by the Irish clown, Johnny Patterson.

Have you ever been in love, boys, did you ever feel the pain?
I'd rather be in jail, I would, than be in love again.
Tho' the girl I love was beautiful, I'd have you all to know
That I met her in the garden where the praties grow.

CHORUS.

She was just the sort of creature that nature did intend
To walk straight through the world without the Grecian bend.
Nor did she wear a chignon—I'd have you all to know
That I met her in the garden where the praties grow.

She was singing an ould Irish song, called, "Gra gal machree,"
Oh! says I, what a wife she'd make for an Irish boy like me;
I was on important business, but I did not like to go
And leave the girl or the garden where the praties grow.

She was just the sort of creature that nature, &c.

Says I, "My lovely fair maid, I hope you'll pardon me;"
But she wasn't like those city girls, that would say, "You're making free,"
She answered right modestly, and curtsied very low,
Saying, "You're welcomed to the garden where the praties grow."

She was just the sort of creature that nature, &c.

Says I, "My lovely darling, I'm tired of single life,
And if you have no objection, I'll make you my dear wife;"
Says she, "I'll ax my parents, and to-morrow I'll let you know,
If you meet me in the garden where the praties grow."

She was just the sort of creature that nature, &c.

Now her parents they consented, and we're blessed with children three—
Two girls like their mammy, and a boy the image of me;
I'll train up the children in the way they should go,
But I'll ne'er forget the garden where the praties grow.

She was just the sort of creature that nature, &c.

O'REILLY'S BILLY GOAT.

A Recitation—Recited by Jas. O'Neill.

O'Reilly owned a billy goat,
And a great buck goat was he;
He would buck almost anything
That he'd happen for to see.
And if at night he'd roam the streets,
And a drunken man he'd meet,
He'd buck him till he was sick and tired,
And then his clothes he'd eat—
O'Reilly's billy goat.

He knew every policeman on the beat,
And he knew if him they found,
That he'd spend a short vacation
Down here in the city pound.
He ate Mrs. Mulligan's underclothes
That were hanging on the line;
Shure he bucked a Dutchman in the belly,
And knocked him out of time—
O'Reilly's billy goat.

But every goat must have his day,
And this goat's day did come—
He met a butcher's dog one day,
And the dog for him did run;
He chased the goat through the streets,
Shure the dog for him was too smart,
He chased him till he lost his wind,
And he died of a broken heart—
O'Reilly's billy goat.

Now down here in a vacant lot,
In a corner quite alone,
There we buried O'Reilly's billy goat,
And over him raised a stone;
And perchance you'd pass that way,
You'll find these words on it are wrote:
Sacred to the memory of
O'Reilly's great buck goat.

—"I Cannot Sing the Old Songs," shrieked an amateur soprano the other night, and while she took in breath for the next line a young man who had leaned in for a moment was heard to remark casually but emphatically, "You just bet you can't" It broke up the concert on the spot.

Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Come where my love lies dreaming,
 Dreaming the happy hours away,
 In visions bright redeeming
 The fleeting joys of day;
 Dreaming the happy hours,
 Dreaming the happy hours away;
 Come where my love lies dreaming,
 Is sweetly dreaming the happy hours away.

Come where my love lies dreaming,
 Is sweetly dreaming, her beauty beaming;
 Come where my love lies dreaming,
 Is sweetly dreaming the happy hours away.
 Come with a lute, come with a lay;
 My own love is sweetly dreaming, her beauty beaming;
 Come where my love lies dreaming,
 Is sweetly dreaming the hours away.

Soft is her slumber; thoughts bright and free
 Dance through her dreams like gushing melody;
 Light is her young heart, light may it be;
 Come where my love lies dreaming,
 Dreaming the happy hours,
 Dreaming the happy hours away;
 Come where my love lies dreaming,
 Is sweetly dreaming the happy hours away.

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

In the prison cell I sit, thinking, mother dear, of you,
 And our bright and happy home so far away;
 And the tears they fill my eyes, spite of all that I can do,
 Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching—
 Cheer up, comrades, they will come;
 And beneath the starry flag we shall breathe the air again
 Of the free land in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood when their fiercest charge they made,
 And they swept us off a hundred men or more,
 But before we reached their lines, they were beaten back dismay'd,
 And we heard the cry of victory o'er and o'er.—*Chorus.*

So within the prison cell, we are waiting for the day
 That shall come to open wide the iron door;
 And the hollow eye grows bright, and the poor heart almost gay,
 As we think of seeing home and friends once more.—*Chorus.*

THE TAR'S FAREWELL.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

When forced to bid farewell to Loo—
 Pull away, my boys, pull away,
 I did not know what I should do—
 Pull away, pull away.
 I left her weeping on the quay,
 She said she would be true to me,
 As we sail'd away to the Southern sea;
 Pull away, my boys, pull away,
 Pull away, pull away, pull away.

CHORUS.

For the wind must blow, and the ship must go,
 And loving souls must part,
 But the ship will tack, and the tar come back
 To the first love of his heart.

But then if false should prove my fair—
 Pull away, my boys, pull away,
 I'd burn this little lock of hair—
 Pull away, pull away.
 If she be false and I be free,
 I'll sail again to the Southern sea,
 Where there are plenty as good as she;
 Pull away, my boys, pull away,
 Pull away, pull away, pull away.—*Chorus.*

CAMPTOWN RACES.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Camptown ladies sing dis song—du da, du da,
 Camptown race track five miles long—du da, du da da;
 Go down dar wid my hat caved in—du da, du da,
 Come back home wid pocket full ob tin—du da, du da da.

CHORUS.

Gwine to run all night, gwine to run all day,
 I'll bet my money on a bob-tail hoss, somebody bet on de bay.

Woolly moon came on de track—du da, du da,
 Bob, he fling him ober his back—du da, du da da;
 Runnin' along like a shootin' star—du da, du da,
 Runnin' a race wid de railroad car—du da, du da da.
 Gwine to run all night, gwine to run &c.

De bob-tail hoss he can't be beat—du da, du da,
 Runnin' around in a two-mile heat—du da, du da da.
 I win my money on a bob-tail nag—du da, du da,
 An' carry it home in de old tow-lag—du da, du da da.
 Gwine to run all night, gwine to run &c.

Dar's fourteen hosses in dis race—du da, du da,
 I'm snug in saddle, and got good brace—du da, du da da.
 De sorrel hoss he's got a cough—du da, du da,
 An' his rider's drunk in de ole hay-loft—du da, du da da.
 Gwine to run all night, gwine to run &c.

BEAUTIFUL LEAVES.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Beautiful leaves, in their midsummer splendor,
 Clothing the forest in emerald green;
 Where are the blooms that such beauty can render,
 Or shed such a fullness and grace o'er the scene?
 Ev'ry gay tint of the sweet garden flowers,
 Ev'ry bright garland that innocence weaves,
 Tho' cull'd from the fairest of nature's gay bowers,
 Looks cold if not blended with beautiful, beautiful leaves.

CHORUS.

Beautiful leaves, in their midsummer splendor,
 Clothing the forest in emerald green;
 Where are the blooms that such beauty can render,
 Or shed such a fullness and grace o'er the scene?
 Leaves! leaves! beautiful leaves!
 Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful, beautiful leaves!

Beautiful leaves, in the Winter time falling;
 Oh, have I thought as they dropt one by one,
 That they were obeying some mystical calling,
 That lured them away when the Summer was gone?
 And knowing the Spring will their brightness restore to us,
 I've felt, though the cold earth their ashes receives,
 That we too must fade like the dead leaves before us,
 And bloom once again like those beautiful, beautiful leaves.
 Beautiful leaves, in their midsummer, &c.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

A baby was sleeping, its mother was weeping,
 For her husband was far on the wild, raging sea,
 And the tempest was swelling 'round the fisherman's dwelling,
 And she cried: "Dermot, darling, oh, come back to me."

Her beads while she number'd the baby still slumber'd,
 And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;
 "Oh! blest be that warning, my child, thy sleep adorning,
 For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
 Oh! pray to them softly, my baby, with me,
 And say thou would'st rather they'd watch o'er thy father,
 For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,
 And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
 And closely caressing her child with a blessing,
 Said: "I know that the angels were whispering with thee."

The Same Thing Over Again.

Copyright, 1878, by Geo. McHineux.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

This world we inhabit each day rolls around—
The same thing over again;
The sun it comes up and then it goes down—
The same thing over again.
And my friends, if you'll search this wide world thro' and thro',
'Twill prove that my statement is honest and true,
When I claim in the world you will find nothing new,
But the same thing over again.

CHORUS.

The same thing over again,
The same thing over again;
The whole world round there will surely be found
The same thing over again.

Our parents before us I've often heard said
The same thing over again;
In time's flight and changes have met, loved and wed,
The same thing over again.
They were happy and fortune smiled on them to boot,
And of their love's union, why we are the fruit,
They set an example and we followed suit,
With the same thing over again.—Chorus.

On the sofa you sit near some charming young miss—
The same thing over again;
From her ripe tempting lips you will steal a sly kiss—
The same thing over again.
You are feeling quite modest and sorely perplexed;
You're afraid to beg more for fear she will be vexed,
But she says, when you ask her, "what shall we do next?"
The same thing over again.—Chorus.

You are taking a drink with some thoroughbred brick—
The same thing over again;
Your language in time gets exceedingly thick
From the same thing over again.
You start for your home very light in the head,
If you're married you creep up the stairs in a dread,
And you hear, as you stumble head first into bed,
The same thing over again.—Chorus.

Of course you're aware I've a sweet little wife—
The same thing over again;
To me I assure you, she's dearer than life—
The same thing over again.
Last week she presented me with a young son,
Of happier daddies than I there's not one,
And I laughed when she said to me (merely in fun),
The same thing over again.—Chorus.

Hard Times, Come Again No More.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

Let us pause in life's pleasures, and count its many tears,
While we all sup sorrow with the poor,
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears:
Oh, hard times, come again no more.

CHORUS.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
Hard times, hard times come again no more;
Many days you have lingered around my 'abin door,
Oh, hard times, come again no more.

While we seek mirth and beauty, and music light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door;
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say:
Oh, hard times, come again no more.—Chorus.

There's a pale, drooping maiden, who works her life away,
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er;
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day,
Oh, hard times, come again no more.—Chorus.

'Tis the sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
'Tis the wail that is heard upon the shore,
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave,
Oh, hard times, come again no more.—Chorus.

SCHNEIDER'S RIDE.

Parody on "Sheridan's Ride."—Recited by Gus Williams.

From gross der river, ad broke of day,
Bringin' by Brooklyn fresh dismay,
Der news vas send, by a Dutchman drue,
Dot der officers of der refenue
Would be ofer in less as a hour or dwo,
To confiscate all der viskey dey got
In Schneider's blace, or near der shbot.

Und vilder yed dem rumors dey flew,
Dill-Schneider didn'd know vat to do;
So he glosed der doors, und barred dem dight,
Saying, "Dey kin hammer away mit all deir mighd;
Of dey gid dem oben before id's nighd,
Den I don'd know—but ve shall see
Who is der schmardesd, dem or me?"
For a hour or dree no resd he got
Shdill Schneider shdaid righd on der shbot.

Bud dere is a shdreed in Brooklyn down
Dot isn'd bafed, dot leads righd down
To Gouey Island, und vat is more
(Dot's a vonder id nefer vas used before,)
Id vas righd in frond of der back of der shdore,
Und dere on dot road vas nine drueks und a cart,
Loading mit viskey all ready to shdart;
Dey're mosd all loaded, und Schneider is gay,
In den momends he'll be 'boud a mile away.

Dey're off, und noding is lef to show
Vat vay dey made uh deir minds to go,
Und oferyding's mofed, yed nod a sound
Kin be heered bud der veels agoin around,
As dey mofe so shwifdly ofer der ground;
Und Schneider looks back und says, "Goot day,"
For now he's more as fife miles away.

Shdill jumbs dem horses, shdill on dey go,
Und der vay dey mofe dot isn'd shlow,
Dey're goin down hill, und fasder und fasder,
Dey're drifen ahead by Schneider, der masder,
Who shducks to dem now like a boor man's blasder,
For vell he knows dot if now he's dooked,
He kin make uh his mind dot his goose vas cooked,
So efery mussels dey pring in blay,
Cause dey aind any more as den miles away.

Under dheir flying hoofs der road,
Like a grade big mutgudder dot flowea,
Und der flies dot had come all der vay from town,
Now got tired und had to lay down
To took a shmall resd ubon der ground;
For "Schneid" und der vagons, dem vent so fasd
Dot efen der flies gified oud ad lasd;
Der dused vas dick und der horses gray,
Und Schneider vas fifeen miles away!

Der wery frisd ding dot Schneider saw
Vas der sand, und he heered der ocean roar.
He shmelled der salt in der good old preeze
Dot vafed ofer vere dere vasn'd some drees,
Und he feld frisd rade mit his mind at ease.
Und dem wery horses dem seemed to say—
"Ve pringed you, Schneider, all der vay
From Brooklyn town und safed der viskey,
But 'bon our vords 'dwas radder risky!"

Hurrah! hurrah! for Schneider drue!
Hurrah! hurrah! for der horses, doo!
Und ven der shdadurs vas high und dry,
Led some bully boy mit a grockery eye
Gid uh on der dob of a barrel und cry—
"Dese is der horses dot safed der day
By carting der viskey und Schneider gay
From Brooklyn—dweny miles away!"

[In our next number we shall publish the original of the above recitation, entitled, "Sheridan's Ride."]

—At a Cincinnati wedding lately the organist entertained the audience awaiting the bridal pair by a series of voluntaries, the last of which unluckily was, "Trust Her Not, She is Fooling Thee," at which he was hard at work as the bridal procession walked up the aisle.

OUR GRANDFATHERS' DAYS.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham St., New York.

A song for to please all my kind friends before me:
I've been thinking of late, a new subject to raise,
And one I have got, and I know it will please you—
I'm going to sing of our grandfathers' days.
In our grandfathers' days, men were judged but by merit,
And those who were sound, got their measure by praise;
But nowadays, folks judge of men by their money—
That wasn't the case in our grandfathers' days.

In our grandfathers' days, they had no patent leathers,
Garote-choking collars, or no peg-top pants;
Young men didn't go it with two-forty horses,
Or visit young ladies at night, at their aunt's.
The boys didn't then congregate on the corners,
To see the gals crossing, on wet, slushy days,
Nor the gals didn't want a policeman to help them—
That wasn't the style in our grandfathers' days.

In our grandfathers' days, billiard-markers ne'er sported
Moustache on their lips, or goatees on their chins;
Nor did six-penny barbers drive out in light wagons,
Nor did fish-ball waiters wear diamond pins.
The gals didn't paint, stuff themselves up with cotton;
They didn't wear hoops, patent bustles or stays,
Didn't smoke cigarettes, or drink cock-tails at Taylor's—
That wasn't the style in our grandfathers' days.

In our grandfathers' days, married men they were steady—
You'd not find them out every day of their lives,
Nor see them out late, walking home with their cousins—
They always retired, in good time, to their wives.
They had no champagne suppers, no little flirtations,
No trying to go it in various ways;
Didn't stop in saloons with a female acquaintance—
They had no waiter-girls in our grandfathers' days.

In our grandfathers' days, when a man ran for office,
He did it alone for the national good,
And not for the dollars and cents he might pocket—
That is something that, nowadays, ain't understood.
The government, then, was for wisdom selected;
Rebellion had not set the country ablaze,
But the people have sworn that our flag shall float over
The Union as 'twas in our grandfathers' days.

I Don't Like a Cur at My Heels.

The Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 35 cents, by Henry J. Wehman, 50 Chatham Street, New York.

I like honest pluck in this warfare of life,
No matter whoever I meet;
I like a man boldly to say what he thinks,
And not fill me with hollow deceit.
It may not be pleasant at all times to hear
The truth plainly told in your ear,
Yet 'tis better to know you're prepared for the worst,
Than tremble like children, with fear.

CHORUS.

I do like a man that will boldly stand up,
And tell me at once what he feels;
I can fight with the lion that roars in my face,
But I can't bear a cur at my heels.

I like to be told of my faults like a man—
And I ne'er knew the man who had none;
Hard words may be used, yet I like him the most
Who has pluck all my faults to make known.
If wrong, I can cure the foul slander at once,
And destroy every venomous part,
Yet I reel when a Judas, who smiles in my face,
Gives a stab at my back in the dark.—*Chorus.*

So behind a man's back always mind what you say,
If you can do him no good, do him no harm;
If you don't like back-biting, don't do it yourself,
And your good name will spread like a charm.
We all have to live, so let's try and make life
A good open field for the race,
And if you have cause of complaint against man,
Go tell him right straight to his face.—*Chorus.*

THE IRISH FAIR.

Written by W. H. Whitehead, and originally sung by J. H. Conroy.

As I rose up one morning,
The same day as the Fair,
All the pretty boys and girls,
They assembled there.
There was hump-backed McCarty,
And cork-legged Teddy Lee;
They were among the party
Who rode along with me.

CHORUS.

While on the road to the Fair,
Tascha shin ga miska,
Arrah, what fun was there,
Falga Balga Lorrach.

Now we're off to Donnybrook,
For to see the Fair;
Won't we have a jolly time,
With the boys and girls there.
We'll dance and sing, and whiskey drink,
Till our hearts are free from care;
There's no such fun, where'er you go,
As you'll find at an Irish Fair.—*Chorus.*

We all went into a tavern,
And there began to sing,
And Judy O'Brien and Mickey Flinn
They done a double fling.
And then they got a-fighting—
You couldn't hold them back;
Teddy off with his cork-leg,
McCarty's head he cracked.—*Chorus.*

On the road while driving,
The crowd sung songs so sweet,
And big fat Lizzie McCarty,
Shure she broke down the seat.
They all fell out of the wagon,
The horse he gave a jump;
I split my sides a-laughing,
At McCarty an' his hump.—*Chorus.*

BABY'S GOT A TOOTH.

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Published by permission of J. W. Pepper, Publisher of Band and Orchestra Music, Songs for the Stage, &c., S. E. cor. Ninth and Filbert Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. The Music of this Song sent for 35 cents.

I'm the father of a bouncing boy,
He looks just like his pa;
He's the picture of his mammy,
And the image of his dada.
He was eight months old the other day—
He is a noble youth;
We have been almost crazy since
He got his first front tooth.

CHORUS.

George, dear, George, dear, can't you guess the truth?
George, dear, George, dear, bless the little youth;
Do get up and light the fire, turn the gas a little higher,
Go and tell your aunt Maria baby's got a tooth.

I went home late the other night,
And soon was sound asleep,
When suddenly I was awake
By sounds that made me weep:
My wife she grabbed me by the arm,
And says, get up you brute,
The pride and joy of all of us
Has got a nice front tooth.—*Chorus.*

Now married men take my advice:
When first you do get wed,
Don't ever try to go to sleep,
Don't ever go to bed;
But to save yourself from trouble of
The darling little pet,
Don't wait until it gets a tooth—
Buy it a nice false set.—*Chorus.*

MULLIGAN'S FUNERAL.

Copyright, 1881, by Robert Teller.

The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 10 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Oh, there's grief about the city,
The people sob wid pity,
And sing a mournful duty,
At Mulligan's funeral,
Flags are all half mast,
And doleful sighs are cast—
Everybody's sighing,
That Danny should be dying.

CHORUS.

Missis Murphy hallowed,
And Biddy Dooly squalled;
Dan McCarthy bellowed,
And Patsy Regan bawled.
Drums and fife were playin',
You'd hear a needle fall,
When all the crowd were thronging
At Mulligan's funeral.

Now the aldermen attended,
The carriages were splendid;
The music swately blended,
At Mulligan's funeral.
Oh, the wake was grand,
Wid whiskey at command;
Every one acquainted,
And Miss McGuffly fainted.—*Chorus.*

Oh, 'twas "Babies on our Block" there,
That made the people flock there,
Played solid as a rock there,
At Mulligan's funeral.
Everybody said,
'Twas sad that he was dead;
So wid music chanted,
Dan Mulligan was planted.—*Chorus.*

Old Fashioned Church on the Hill.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 10 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

There's an old fashioned house in the country,
There's an old fashioned couple live there;
There's an old fashioned gate by the old country road,
And an old fashioned man near the chair;
An old fashioned woman is sitting there,
Darning an old pair of hose;
With her old fashioned cap on her old fashioned head,
And she's dressed in her old fashioned clothes.

CHORUS.

Hear those bells, those merry bells,
And they fill my soul with a thrill;
'Tis the old fashioned sound from them old fashioned bells,
In that old fashioned church on the hill.

There's an old fashioned clock on that old whitewashed wall,
With its old fashioned pendulum and hands;
There's an old wooden bench by that old fireplace,
With its bright copper kettles and pans;
An old fashioned man is sitting there,
Smoking his old fashioned clay,
With his old favorite dog sitting close by his side,
Watching the children at play.—*Chorus.*

Heaven bless that dear old pair, may they live for many years,
In that dear little house in the lane;
May they never know a care, but all happiness to share,
And think of the dear, old happy days;
The same I wish to you, with a heart of conscience true,
May you live, yes, for many, many years;
May you never want for wealth, but enjoy the best of health,
It is the earnest wish I give to you.—*Chorus.*

A Violet from Mother's Grave.

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The Words and Music of this Song will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 40 cents, by H. J. Wehman, P. O. Box 1823, New York City. Send for complete Catalogue of English and German Songs—Free.

Scenes of my childhood arise before my gaze,
Bringing recollections of by-gone happy days,
When down in the meadow in childhood I would roam;
No one's left to cheer me now within that good old home.
Father and mother they have passed away,
Sister and brother now lay beneath the clay;
But while life does remain, to cheer me I'll retain
This small violet I plucked from mother's grave

CHORUS

Only a violet I plucked when but a boy,
And oft times when I'm sad at heart, this flow'r has given me joy,
But while life does remain, in memoriam I'll retain
This small violet I plucked from mother's grave.

Well I remember my dear old mother's smile,
As she used to greet me when I returned from toil;
Always knitting in the old arm chair,
Father used to sit and read for all us children there.
But now all is silent around the good old home,
They all have left me in sorrow here to roam;
While life does remain, in memoriam I'll retain
This small violet I plucked from mother's grave.—*Chorus.*

Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma.

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I spoon a girl named Mary Ann, a tender little dove,
Who cost me lots of halfpence, and a precious deal of love;
She's living with her mother, as a maiden ought to do,
And looks as straight and proper as a saint, or me, or you,
But somehow when I trot her round, no matter where we go,
I'm struck with all the people that this maiden seems to know;
For certain, as my Mary Ann I proudly take about,
Some head pops round the corner, and a vulgar voice will shout:

CHORUS.

"Oh! very well, Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma,
She little thought when you came out, you'd go so far,
I'm sure your mother doesn't know the girl you are,
Mary Ann, fie! for shame, yah! yah! yah! oh! yah!"

We went last Whitsun Monday to the forest by the rail,
We did the thing first-class, of course, at that I never fail;
I tip'd the guard a shilling, or what you might call a bob,
To lock us in a carriage and preserve us from the mob.
We sat on downy cushions, and the curtains drew for fun,
For Polly said her pretty eyes they could not bear the sun;
But when we settled snugly and were just about to go,
A head came through the window and a fellow shouted—Oh!
Oh, very well, Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma, &c.

We wandered through the forest glades, as happy as could be,
We thought from vulgar people there, we should at least be free;
We sought a sweet secluded spot, where none our vows could hear,
And whisper'd those soft, silly things, that lovers think so dear.
We sat beneath a spreading oak, our loving arms entwined,
While I was fond and foolish, she was gentle, sweet and kind;
But just as my passion told, and sealed it with a kiss,
A chap, birds-nesting up above, so rudely shouted this:—
Oh! very well, Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma, &c.

We came away disgusted, and we quickly made for home,
For everywhere we met the cry, no matter where we'd roam;
My Mary Ann declared to me she knew those people not,
In fact, she said she would not mix with such a vulgar lot.
But on this precious mystery I have some little doubt,
For almost think that Mary Ann must know her way about,
For when we parted at her door, or rather, just inside,
A voice came down the staircase, and her little brother cried:—
SPOKEN—"Oh! oh! oh!"

Oh! very well, Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma, &c.

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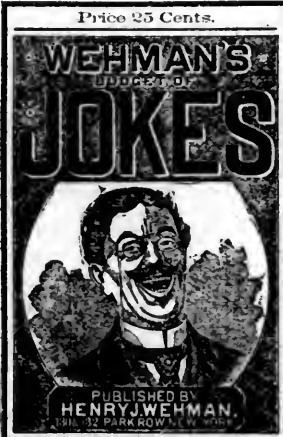
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